

The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, JULY 2, 1932

TOPICS OF THE DAY

Borah's Bolt From the Blue

"THE GREAT THUNDERER"—Borah of Idaho—sometimes called "the one-man party," shakes the country with his blast against the Republican Prohibition plank.

But will his lightning strike the G. O. P.?

Is this a real bolt or just a flash in the political sky?

What will be the effect on the great campaign of 1932 now getting under way?

These and many other questions crackle in a thousand editorial pages as the country assays the effect of the Idaho Senator's dramatic repudiation of the Republican party's Prohibition plank and his refusal to support President Hoover "on this platform."

The Prohibition plank would let the voters pass upon a proposed amendment to allow the States to deal with the liquor problem individually, with Federal protection for dry States, and barring the return of the saloon anywhere.

"Several courses of action," notes the *Washington News*, "remain open to the Western leader, who in many previous battles has flung down the party standard and then picked it up again"—

"1. He might ignore the Presidential campaign and devote his energies to campaigning for individual dry Senators and Congressmen.

"2. He might throw his support, or at least his vote, to some other Presidential candidate.

"3. He might head a third party, tho he said he had 'absolutely nothing in view along that line.'

"4. President Hoover in the course of the campaign might continue to 'interpret' the plank in a manner that would win back Borah's support."

CHIEF repercussions of the Borah declaration, as reported in the press, include: Dry leaders are encouraged. So are the Democrats. Republican chieftains disagree with Borah in his interpretation of the Prohibition plank. Some papers, wet and dry alike, praise Borah for his "courageous stand." Many say his action has paramount significance—likely to cause a political upheaval. Others dismiss his declaration as the "customary" Borah "gesture," and predict he will be back in the party fold long before election day.

Such are the high lights. Detailed opinion will be found below.

Now let us turn back to June 20, when the sturdy, stern-eyed, tight-lipped Idaho Progressive precipitated a country-wide commotion by sinking his ax into the Republican platform.

In a forty-minute speech, before crowded galleries, Senator

Borah scored the plank on Prohibition. To quote the *Washington correspondent of the New York Herald Tribune*:

"From the reading of the text, he insisted, nobody 'can tell where the Republican party stands on Prohibition,' altho he held that in fact the majority of the convention delegates and their leaders were for what he termed 'naked repeal.' That, he explained, meant 'repeal without any proposal of a substitute for the present system.'

"In so far as action could be expected, he declared, it would call for the return of the regulation of the liquor traffic to the States, with only the old Webb-Kenyon Act, which forbade the transportation of liquor into dry territory, to protect those States which continued to seek absolute prohibition of liquor. That was 'a slender reed indeed,' he said, 'termining the law of 'doubtful constitutionality and entire inadequacy, anyhow.'

"No one should misunderstand that, just as soon as the campaign is over, the party will stand unalterably for repeal,' he asserted. 'The proposition for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment is unmistakably incorporated in the platform.'"

AND now to quote the Senator direct:

"Mr. President, I think the most striking feature of this plank is the proposition that we can not detect from any reading or any study of it where the Republican party stands on this question. We can not detect whether it thinks the Eighteenth Amendment was wise or unwise.

"We can not detect whether it thinks the people would be benefited or injured by its repeal. We can not determine any guide whatever from it for the American people in voting in this campaign. It is thrown out and there is no suggestion as to whether it was wise to have it or unwise to have it, whether it would be wise to keep it or wise to let it go.

"Upon this proposition, look at it as we may, it engages the hearts and minds of 120,000,000 people. If the Republican party assumes jurisdiction to undertake to speak upon the question, it should have thrown out a guide to the people of the United States as to what they should do in the coming campaign."



Acme

"I Will Not"

Declared Senator Borah when asked if he would support President Hoover on the Republican platform.

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It was after Senator Borah had concluded, we read, that Senator Lewis, Democrat, Illinois, drew from him the flat statement that he would not support Mr. Hoover "on this platform."

The plank which Senator Borah wanted the party to adopt stated that "the Eighteenth Amendment has been written into the Constitution by the will of the people in the way the Constitution prescribes," and "it can be taken out in no other way."

And now to turn to the editors.

His speech is "a political event of first-class importance," asserts the *New York Times* (Ind. Dem.), and it adds:

"The plain fact is, Mr. Borah has made it much easier for wet



A Bicycle Built for Two

—Byck in the Brooklyn "Times-Union."

Republicans to vote the party ticket, but increasingly difficult for dry Republicans."

"His repudiation of the President and the platform," says the *Boston Post* (Dem.), "is bound to have impressive results." And another Democratic Boston paper, *The Globe*, believes that "Mr. Borah's blast will serve as a rallying trumpet for the dry forces in the coming campaign."

"Altho the Senator's remorseless exposure of the sham may prove dynamite for Mr. Hoover," declares the *Baltimore Sun* (Ind. Dem.) "it is based on truth and honesty." As another independent Democratic paper, the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, sees the situation, "the man who has usually limited his insurgency to the period between campaigns now makes good his boast that the collar of regularity is not for a neck as proud as his."

"Unless we are mistaken," remarks the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* (Dem.), "Mr. Hoover, who owed much to him four years ago, will miss him," and the *Denver Post* (Ind.) asserts that "loss of his active support will be a severe blow to the Hoover candidacy. But there is consolation for Hoover in the fact that Borah, if not for him, will not be actively against him."

"But the extent of the harm done," thinks the *Utica Press* (Ind.) "will depend, to some extent, on what further procedure Senator Borah will adopt."

In this connection, the Republican *Portland Oregonian* admits that "Mr. Borah's power to influence the pendulum vote against the Republican ticket if he shall elect to do so is not to be doubted." Another western view is that of *The Deseret News* (Ind.) of Salt Lake City:

"Senator Borah's defection will, undoubtedly, weaken the Republican ticket with a class of people it was hoped the liquor plank of the platform would attract. Whatever the Democrats do on this question, many drys who have believed in Senator Borah's sincerity will feel that the Republican formula is not worth fighting for."

"It seems to be now Senator Borah's duty to propose something better."

BUT "it is too early to speculate on the probable political effect of Borah's refusal to support Hoover," says the *Louisville Courier-Journal* (Ind.), and many papers agree. "The Idaho Senator more than once before apparently has been about to bolt a national Republican ticket, but always when the polls opened he fell in line with the regulars."

"It is characteristic of Borah," says the *Des Moines Register* (Rep.) "that his declaration on the Republican liquor plank should be dramatic, should focus a dazzling light upon him and should yet leave everybody wondering what it signifies."

"The gentleman from Idaho," adds the *Buffalo Courier-Express*, "is only convincing as a political riddle."

Not a few editors agree with the flat declaration of the *Burlington Free Press* (Rep.) that "as is usually the case with Borah's quadrennial farewells to the Republican party, he will be back in Republican ranks by November."

"Mr. Borah always makes the noise of a double-compound locomotive getting under way and then never pulls a voting ounce," says the *New York Evening Post* (Ind. Rep.). "The Great Threatener threatens, but does not deliver." Much the same view is held by the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* (Ind.) which dismisses the Idahoan by saying that "no great political importance need be attached to 'Borah's bolt.'"

And from the Senator's own State comes an attack by *The Idaho Statesman* (Rep.) of Boise:

"Difference of opinion on the Prohibition plank is only the immediate cause of the present state of affairs. It is incorrect to call it a 'break.' Where there is no cohesion there can be no break."

"It was typical of Mr. Borah that as soon as he learned he could not have his own way in the shaping of the Prohibition plank, he refused to attend the convention. Mr. Borah never would play unless he could be the absolute boss."

"Because the Prohibition plank adopted intensely displeases him, he uses this as an excuse he has been looking for on which to base his refusal to support his party's candidate for reelection."

"Mr. Borah's following has not been the President's following, and so it seems logical to conclude that the declaration will not greatly harm the President's candidacy."

AND here is another calm analysis by the Republican *Washington Post*:

"Senator Borah is in his element in opposing the wet-dry plank of the Republican platform, while offering nothing himself. Much is made of the idea that Senator Borah may go off the reservation and fight against the reelection of President Hoover on account of the wet-dry plank. This is nonsense. Neither Senator Borah nor Mr. Hoover is bound by that plank, but both, if they are honest, are bound to remain Republicans."

"There is no question of Mr. Hoover's regularity, but Senator Borah's regularity is orthodox only in campaign years."

"Senator Borah has never bolted the Republican ticket. In his attack upon the Chicago wet-dry plank he speaks still as a Republican. But he can not remain a Republican and fight Hoover this year."

"Unless President Hoover should declare himself squarely pledged to the wet-dry plank, there can be no major quarrel between him and Senator Borah. They differ on the World Court proposal, but that matter is in the academic stage and is not likely to be discussed much. On all other questions so far as known, Senator Borah supports his party leader and approves of the Republican platform."

"It is reasonable to presume that he will adopt his usual course and make a vigorous fight for a Republican victory."

A "Rubber" Check From Europe for Uncle Sam?

CAN EUROPE PERSUADE UNCLE SAM to accept a handsome check already stamped "No Funds" in quit-tance for her war debts?

This is the real task of the Reparations Conference at Lausanne, according to William Bird, correspondent of the Consolidated Press.

Mr. Bird quotes the London *Times* to the effect that the problem of the Lausanne Conference is "to reconcile non-payment with non-repudiation."

Some six hundred delegates—representing no less than eighteen European nations involved (yet without any official representatives of the United States present)—gathered on June 16 at the picturesque Swiss city to listen to the opening address of Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald. Edouard Herriot, French Premier, Lieut.-Col. Franz von Papen, German Chancellor, Dino Grandi, Italian Foreign Minister, were all willing, Paul Scott Mowrer wires to the *Chicago Daily News*, to let MacDonald take the lead in presenting what is termed the "united European front" to the silent creditor nation overseas. The Prime Minister declared that revision is not repudiation, and said:

"If default is to be avoided, engagements which have been proved incapable of fulfilment should be revised by agreement. Both sides in all agreements must be ready to face the facts."

Altho Britain's Prime Minister mentioned the United States but twice, it is widely assumed that his remarks imply this appeal: Germany's reparations indemnities will be canceled, and in turn the United States must cancel or annul the war debts.

Howls of rage at this suggestion rise from a growing section of our press. Without mincing matters, certain dailies rip through the veil of what they denounce as mere diplomatic ambiguity. Among the more denunciatory of these we find the *Boston Globe* and the *Washington Post*.

The *Post* insists that while Uncle Sam would never demand more than the debtor nations are capable of paying—"Great Britain, France and Italy must work out some arrangement with Germany that will be entirely independent of the fiscal relations between them and the Government at Washington."

The *Globe* tears through the "pious phrases and diplomatic verbiage" of the Lausanne Conference to discover these bitter realities:

"The purport of the Lausanne conferees' tactics is to hold up the American Government to universal opprobrium as the dog in the manger on the question of world recovery.

"That such contention is entirely devoid of truth will not prevent its being urged.

"That it will not stand a moment's examination does not matter.

"That it is to be used as a smoke-screen to cover the refusal of Europe to end the tragic farce of the Versailles treaty will in no way influence its champions, to whom it is doubtless impolite to mention either the other vast spoils they garnered from the war or their persisting fealty to the munitions interests."

This Boston daily is particularly incensed because the United States has already scaled these debts down—"all the way from 22 per cent. in England's case to approximately 50 per cent. in the case of France and Italy and Belgium."

The Lausanne diplomats, adds the New York *Herald Tribune*, can not look for any change in the established attitude of the American people and the American Government:

"It is futile to expect that the mere passage of time will work any more of a miracle in American opinion than it has worked in that of Europe, or that temporizing expedients, which amount to a declaration that European national policies have not changed, will encourage any alteration in American national policy."

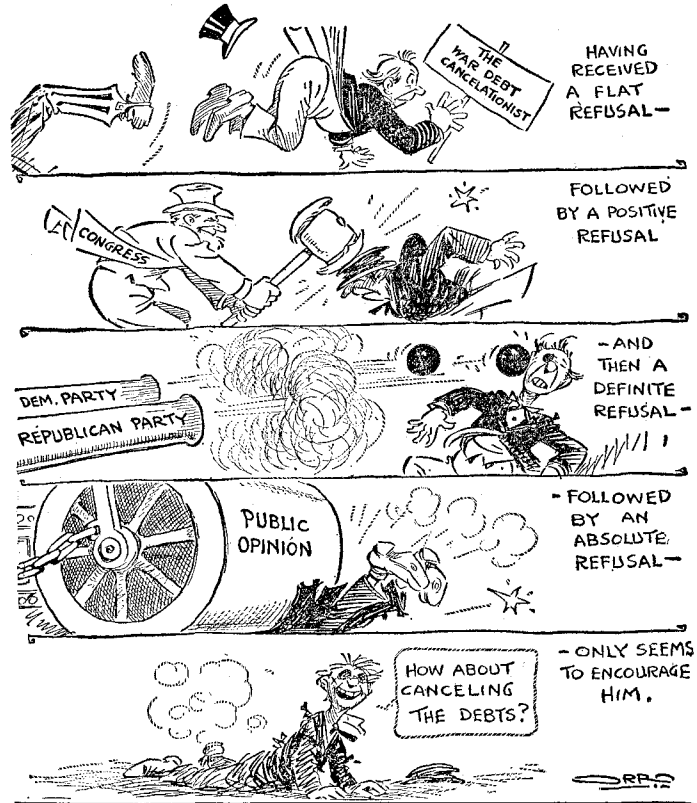
Other dailies are convinced that the most unassailable and

permanent statement of the American point of view has been expressed by ex-President Calvin Coolidge in the July issue of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*. This paragraph in particular is widely quoted:

"I know we were not trying to overreach anybody nor trying to drive a hard bargain.

"The money we furnished we had to borrow.

"Some one must pay it. It can not be canceled. If we do not collect it from Europe we must collect it from our own taxpayers.



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A Glutton for Punishment

—Orr in the Chicago "Tribune."

"There was no Power on this side of the Atlantic to make a generous gesture at the expense of some one else. Such generosity as we extended we were going to pay for ourselves."

In diametrical opposition to Calvin Coolidge, Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, advocates what might be termed wholesale cancellation. As reported in the New York *Times*, President Butler asserts:

"The German people simply can not pay any greater amount in reparations than they have already done, yet, if they do not pay more, the nations to whom those reparations are legally due can not meet their intergovernmental obligations to us.

"To keep on repeating, as Washington constantly does, that there is no connection between the payments due to us and German reparations, is childish in the extreme.

"There is no such connection legally, of course, but in reality the two are intimately bound together."

Our nation-wide survey of American editorial opinion fails to disclose any out-and-out advocacy of cancellation of war debts. But there seem to be an increasing number of dailies resigned to the bitter fact that, in the words of the small boy, "they ain't agoin' be no core," to be paid to us. The *Norfolk Virginian-Pilot* suggests that there may be an overnight shift in policy and opinion: "Just now the suggestion that there be a fresh revision of the war-debt settlements is in high political disfavor in America, but no one may say that this disfavor may not yield to the pressure of inexorable realities."

World Reaction to the New Hoover Arms Plan

COURAGEOUS; CLEAR-CUT; TRENCANT; easy to understand.

With such adjectives and similar words of praise the liberal dailies of London, Berlin, and Rome greet Mr. Hoover's "magnificent gesture"—his proposal to cut all world armaments one-third.

To counterbalance the chorus of praise, Paris voices an almost unanimous opposition.

After five months of quibbling and dawdling, the Disarmament Conference was suddenly and sensationally galvanized into



Our Tower of Babel!
—Gale in the Los Angeles "Times."

new life when, on June 22, Ambassador Hugh Gibson, the American delegate, read the President's plan for definite concrete reduction of the land, sea, and air forces of the Powers.

Before taking up Europe's discordant response to the President's proposals, let us quote a summary of its main points:

Abolition of all tanks, chemical warfare, and large mobile guns.
Reduction of one-third in the strength of all land armies over and above the so-called police component.

Abolition of all bombing planes, and the "total prohibition of all bombardment from the air." Reduction in the treaty number and tonnage of all battle-ships by one-third.

Reduction in the treaty tonnage of aircraft carriers, cruisers, and destroyers by one-fourth and of submarines by one-third, with no nation having more than 35,000 tons of submersibles.

As he concluded his reading of these proposals to the American newspapermen in Washington, the President stressed the "enormous saving" such slashing in offensive armaments could effect for all nations. He added in conclusion:

"I know of nothing that would give more hope for humanity to-day than the acceptance of such a program with such minor changes as might be necessary.

"It is folly for the world to go on breaking its back over military expenditure, and the United States is willing to take its share of responsibility by making definite proposals that will relieve the world."

This bold plea for "common action, genuinely in the interests of all," as the New York *Herald Tribune* characterizes it, evokes a squall of praise and protest from the press of Europe. Italy, through its spokesman at Geneva, Foreign Minister Dino Grandi, accepts entirely and promptly, winning praise for this promptness and unreserved eagerness to join.

A cable poll of the European press, undertaken by THE LITERARY DIGEST, indicates, however, the discord and divergency of opinion. The French press repeats its expected refrain—its cry for security.

THE note of distrust, of negation, of incredulity, is reiterated with endless variations throughout the Paris dailies from Right to Left. Most of them doubt the sincerity of Mr. Hoover. No sooner had his words been read by Hugh Gibson in Geneva than the Paris afternoon papers were interpreting and misinterpreting the motives behind this American arms-cutting proposal.

"A grand-stand play—a *coup de théâtre* to insure his reelection," announced the widely circulated *Intransigeant*. "Geneva needed a sensation to keep it alive," proclaimed the *Paris-Soir*, an organ of the Left. "Will the words of President Hoover have any value six months from now? Need we recall President Wilson and his effort?"

The influential and conservative *Journal des Débats* springs into action by condemning the Hoover gesture as "an American ultimatum," interpreting the suggestions as conveying the threat that unless European—and specifically French—armaments are materially reduced, no further concessions on war debts may be expected from the United States.

A political expert of *L'Information*, a financial daily of Paris, typifies a large section of French editorial opinion in his contempt for all suggestions emanating from this side of the Atlantic. He writes:

"The time is past when Europe can attach any considerable importance to American suggestions as lessons which can not be skipt. However, this is not an ultimatum to Europe. It is a proclamation to American voters."

THE Nationalist *Figaro* calls the Hoover plan "slashing a sword through the water," and predicts its failure:

"The United States Government could not have done better if it had deliberately set out to torpedo the conference."

La République, organ of the young radicals composing the extremist wing of Herriot's party, realizes the importance of the issue:

"The task of the French delegation at Geneva suddenly becomes most delicate. An undeniably active and powerful minority favors the Hoover plan. The frantic ovation with which the delegates received Grandi's announcement of Italy's unqualified adherence to the Hoover suggestions shows that this is the most formidable problem which the French Government has faced since the Armistice."

Le Populaire, a Socialist party organ, stands almost alone in praise of the Hoover propositions:

"Ah! If France had only done that instead of the United States!

"President Hoover has replied in advance to the usual sarcastic comment of our reactionary press that the Anglo-Saxons desire to destroy our Army without touching their navies.

"Hoover proclaims the principle of interdependence of armaments, which France always has demanded."

LONDON opinion gravitates into three main groups. The London *Daily Herald* (Labor) represents the extreme Left. It admits:

"There is no ambiguity about this program in its essentials.

It is a cogent, practical and welcome relief from the maunderings of the experts.

"The League of Nations now has its supreme chance to justify its existence.

"Europe spends 520 million sterling on armaments every year. What a relief to present burdens would be the reduction of this sum by more than 170 millions!"

At the other pole of British opinion, the aristocratic Tory *Morning Post*, defender of Britain's military and naval traditions, superciliously editorializes that the Hoover message is "a little in the manner of Moses unto the people in the desert under Mount Sinai." *The Post* dismisses the Hoover plan somewhat contemptuously:

"Our American friends too readily suppose that Europe is a camp of ferocious inclinations and excessive armaments.

"Financial pressure is forcing most of us to disarm to the limits of safety; but it may be false economy to reduce too far the only sort of insurance yet devised against the risks of war."

On the other hand, Liberal organs, such as *The News Chronicle*, rally to the support of the Hoover program. Without hesitancy or reservation, *The News Chronicle* declares:

"By accepting and supporting the American plan, France would win a security such as no armies of her own can give her."

THE *London Times* is impressed with the challenging boldness of the Hoover proposals. In an editorial cabled to the *New York Times*, it declares:

"This trenchant and far-reaching plan is bolder than anything yet responsibly put forward in Geneva, but it is in essential accordance with the trend of debates there, and includes the features that thus far have found the most favor.

"The Kellogg pact, after all, already has bound every country not to make use of its armed forces for the furtherance of national aims. The new disarmament plan, if effectively carried out, should render violation of the pact a material impossibility. That alone is an immensely strong argument in its favor."

The Star (Liberal) features a double-column editorial (an unprecedented act for *The Star*) under the heading "Thank Heaven for Hoover!" "Here is a hand across the sea. For God's sake, grasp it!"

"AMERICA's *sine qua non* for any discussion of the war debts"—this is how the Berlin *Vossische Zeitung* describes our President's plan. But what angers France pleases her neighbor east of the Rhine. What is "Left" in Paris becomes Right in Berlin. Even reactionary and nationalistic organs find new hopes in the program to reduce all armaments nearly one-third—provided Germany is given equality. The *Vossische Zeitung* notes that neither war debts nor reparations are mentioned by President Hoover, yet it seeks to establish this relation.

Similarly the *Frankfurter Zeitung* stresses the clear-cut, easily visualized lines of the proposals:

"The great value of the Hoover plan lies in directing the attention of the world to a program that is easily comprehended by the masses. It proves that the hour has struck to terminate endless discussions and to begin the courageous solution of disarmament."

The Nationalist *Boersen Zeitung*, known as the mouthpiece of military leaders, calls for German cooperation:

"It is most important that all of us take up the American initiative, and do not allow the flame to be smothered.

"Practically, this proposed reduction of armaments does not even remotely signify fulfilment of the German demands, based upon the Versailles Treaty, for real and complete disarmament to the level of German armaments."

The Berlin *Tageblatt* insists upon German equality:

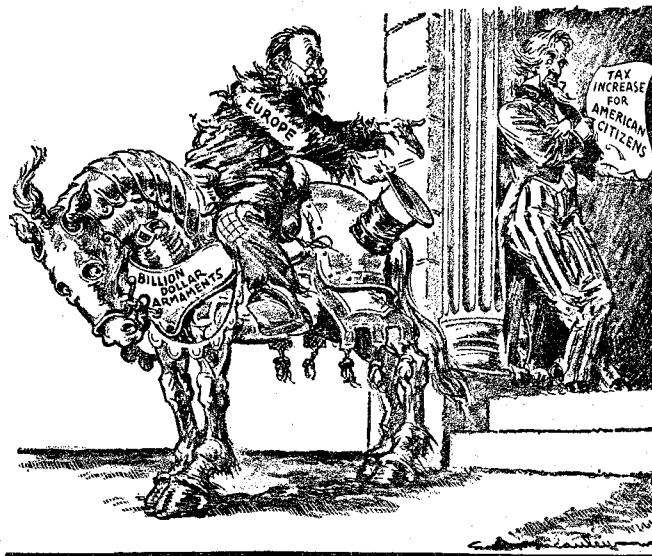
"The Hoover proposal must be welcomed in so far as it will use the strength of the German Army as fixt in the Versailles Treaty as a basis to measure the reduction.

"It would be necessary to revise the proportional armament of the States more in accordance with German demands for external security. Thus, Germany's demand for equality must be considered even tho it is dependent upon the agreement of others to disarm."

To turn now to printed opinion in our own country, we discover admiration for this ambitious, idealistic project is tempered by caution. If the Briand-Kellogg Treaty, observes the *New York Times*, were fixt and final, if it were an established, accomplished fact that modern nations would wage war only for defense—then the reduction in armaments advocated by President Hoover might reasonably be expected to be realized in one form or another. *The Times* recalls, however:

"Unhappily, Japan has been proving to the world, what was foreseen from the first, that the Briand-Kellogg treaty provides no means for enforcement or for sanctions.

"And it is clear that until France is assured of some more



Beggars on Horseback

—Macauley in the *New York "Daily Mirror."*

trustworthy form of security, she will not consent to disarm on the scale suggested by Mr. Hoover."

The *New York Herald Tribune* insists that the opposition to the Hoover plan must be studied with fairness and not condemned offhand:

"The French have indicated that they can not accept the Hoover plan. Their view-point must be appreciated; there must be a readiness to meet their objections if possible."

THE *Philadelphia Record and Public Ledger*, the *Springfield Republican*, and a growing majority of dailies—Democratic as well as Republican, independent as well as partizan, join in the swelling chorus of praise. But certain among them recall the bitter realities against which this gallant ship may crash. One of them is the *Hartford Courant*:

"Behind the problem of disarmament lies a political situation that must be settled before any progress can be made in reducing the arms of the world. The failure of the President to give any place to political considerations is what is likely to cause his proposals, despite their evident sincerity, to fall dead at the feet of the conference."

Nothing could be more ill-timed than this disarmament gesture, asserts the *Baltimore Sun*, voicing the American opposition.

"Now, with a reactionary government in Germany, with all countries concentrated on a desperate effort to ward off bankruptcy, with all the world turning to us to provide relief, not merely from the burden of non-collectible debts but from the fear of complete and terrible collapse, we announce that we have a new disarmament scheme. Can we wonder at the comparative coolness of its reception?"

America's Victory Over Europe's Gold Raid

A NEWS EVENT which eclipses in importance all the hubbub about national politics.

So the *Boston Globe* applauds the end of what is described as "the biggest run on the biggest bank in the world."

In the nine months since England left the gold standard, explains the *Kansas City Star*, approximately 1,100 million dollars, it is estimated, in gold had been withdrawn from American reserves by European banks.

On June 14, we read in the news columns, the Bank of France finally completed its program of converting American dollars into gold with the purchase in New York of \$55,133,100 of the metal; and with this transaction ended the drain on American gold, which continental European central banks had been imposing since last September.

Thus Europe's long raid on American gold comes to an end, the stability of the American dollar remains unshaken, and, as the *Boston Globe* expresses it, "the American financial structure has weathered the most savage onslaught known to history."

Even tho the ordinary reader may not understand the technique of gold withdrawal, explains the *Troy Record*, he may realize the grave menace "of the steady stream of the metal eastward." Such withdrawals, unprecedented in the history of finance, tended to force credit contraction and produce a "credit panic."

The success with which the United States has met this situation is acclaimed in a paean of triumph from editors and financial experts. The *Boston Herald* wishes all to realize the significance of this event, which has been characterized as "the most remarkable achievement in financial history." *The Herald* concludes:

"One of the most encouraging results of this whole episode, which is far more dramatic than a bare statement of the facts can indicate, has been the demonstration by our country of its gigantic financial strength.

"American bankers have paid out, in about nine months, \$1,100,000,000 in gold.

"Any fears that this country may be forced from the gold standard and plunged into difficulties which would make our present situation seem mild in comparison have been thoroughly dissipated by this performance."

Now every indication shows, adds the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, that "the dollar's high position among the moneys of the world will be maintained," and a sufficient answer given "both to our own people, and to foreigners as well, who have entertained any doubts of the position of the dollar."

The completion of these French gold withdrawals ends a definite chapter in the world depression, according to Edward H. Collins, a financial writer of the *New York Herald Tribune*. It means an end to panicky shifting of international banking balances, of utter confusion in foreign exchange markets. Mr. Collins traces its vicissitudes:

"Superficially, this chapter appears as a series of organized assaults, which began with Austria, and shifted, in turn, to Germany, then England, and finally the United States. Actually,

of course, it was spontaneous, just as any bank run is spontaneous.

"It began with Austria, because world attention was directed to the weakness of the Austrian banking position by the revelation, in May, that the Credit Anstalt, the largest bank in Vienna, had sustained losses possibly involving its entire capital.

"The spread of the conflagration from the weakest point to stronger centers merely accords with past experience in these matters; which is, that, once started, such manifestations of loss of confidence must run their course.

"The main thing at the moment is that, with the final satisfaction of France's demands for payment by this country, the entire frenzied movement is now over and done with.

"This does not mean, necessarily, that the foundation has been laid for a return to foreign-exchange stability.

"It means, however, that the terrific world paroxysm which was made inevitable by the events in Austria more than a year ago, has passed, and that thereby one phase of world confusion and uncertainty has become history."

"**W**E shall not go off gold," exultantly exclaims the *Newark Evening News*. "We have proved we not only won't, but can't, unless we stab ourselves in the back by wildly inflationary policies."

"When England's slide off gold showed what this could mean if the foreign repository got into trouble, the retreat from that policy began, and that retreat was the real basis of the strain we have so signally weathered since September.

"Another and not the least valuable lesson of the record of those months should be general agreement among ourselves with the dictum of the late J. P. Morgan, that 'only a fool can be a bear on the United States.'"



Plenty Left to Stand On

—Warren in the Philadelphia "Public Ledger."

Our dollar's victorious emergence from its long-drawn-out ordeal suggests to the *Providence Journal* three important conclusions:

"First, that the new financial power of the United States born of the World War is no mere flash in the pan.

"Its strength in this respect has proved impregnable despite the most terrific onslaught on its gold reserves. That assault, whatever its purpose, could not have been more constant and powerful had it been organized and managed by a single directing agency.

"Secondly, it illustrates anew the inherent danger of trying to use a gold exchange standard as a complement of a gold standard. The only reason that the relatively rapid and persistent draining off of immense stocks of our gold by foreign owners did not seriously embarrass the United States, or even force this country off the gold standard, is that we fortunately possess so much financial reserve strength.

"We have thus been spared the unhappy recent experience of Great Britain and of smaller nations, suddenly subjected to compulsory repatriation of foreign balances.

"Thirdly, the restoration of immense quantities of gold held here to the credit of foreign nations, for reasons that were temporarily advantageous to the creditors, can not fail to be beneficial now, not only to the nations repatriating it but to the entire world, including, of course, the United States. Better and wider distribution of monetary gold has been a crying economic need for years."

Tho a great victory has been won by the American dollar, says the *New York Journal of Commerce*, "this does not spell the end of the battle to maintain the soundness of our currency." The gold standard, it warns us, is not impregnable.

Approval of the Bonus Bill Defeat

SURPRIZING TO THE UNITED STATES SENATE, accustomed to getting editorial brickbats, must be the sudden transformation of a majority of the press to the rôle of bouquet-tossers.

For, in all parts of the country editors are praising the Senate for its decisive defeat of the bonus bill, 62 to 18.

"The Senate's rejection of the Patman bonus bill," says the *Boston Herald*, for one, "does much to reestablish the public confidence in that body as the traditionally conservative branch of the Congress."



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Leader of the Lost Cause

Walter W. Waters, Commander-in-Chief of the bonus army in Washington.

of the Congress."

"Most agreeable" is this action to the *New Haven Register*, and the *Cincinnati Times-Star* adds that "it will do something to restore the Upper House of Congress to popular esteem."

Coupled with this praise of the Senate are terrific attacks upon the House for passing the bill, 209 to 176.

Dramatic developments brought the issue to a climax. First, in the House debate, we read, Representative Edward E. Eslick, Democrat, of Tennessee, fell dead in the midst of a speech appealing for payment of the bonus. Then, as the Senate neared a vote, thousands of veterans, members of the "Bonus Expeditionary Force," stood by to hear the result. As the

settled down to await developments. Altho official Washington and, apparently, the country at large, is anxious to have the men return to their homes, because of the possibility of outbreaks of violence or disease, most of the veterans were said to be determined to stay.

On the day the Senate defeated the bonus bill, estimates put the "Bonus Expeditionary Force" at 23,000. There were some defections. On the other hand, hundreds of others were arriving. Immediately after the defeat of the bill came word that a third political party might be formed, and that the veterans might broaden their bonus claim to a demand for help for all unemployed. A statement of the "B. E. F." reads:

"The Legislative Committee has decided to form a non-partizan political organization to support only those candidates for office who favor the bonus and other veteran legislation.

"If the two major political party candidates are not favorable to the bonus, then the Bonus Expeditionary Force will support any other candidate who does favor such legislation.

"Recruiting parties will be sent throughout the country, not only to sign up veterans to come to Washington and reinforce the forces now here, but to sign up members for the new political organization.

"Present plans call for the retention of the name 'Bonus Expeditionary Force' for this new political group."



Underwood

With His Last Breath

Representative Edward E. Eslick, of Tennessee, pleaded for the payment of the bonus.

Washington Post describes the scene:

"The hopes of 10,000 ragged veterans massed on the threshold of the Capitol were shattered by the Senate when their \$2,400,000 bonus bill went down to defeat, 62 to 18.

"Their answer to the Senate was the call to attention by a bugler clad in faded olive drab. Led by their commander-in-chief, they bared their heads and lifted their voices to the strains of 'America.'

"Their commander-in-chief, Walter W. Waters, stood on the top of the steps and announced to the men.

"We have received a temporary setback. But that doesn't lessen our determination to stay until the bonus is paid. The Senate has defeated our bill.

"Write to our sympathizers and urge them to defeat the Senators who voted against us. We are ten times better Americans than those who voted against us."

"Loud boos greeted the news that the bill had been defeated. There were raucous cheers when Commander-in-Chief Waters announced: 'We will stay here until the bonus is paid.'

"Not one untoward incident occurred on the Capitol grounds as the men received the news. They sang loudly as their voices took up the air of 'America.' Perhaps their war days were recalled as photographers' flash-bombs exploded and sirens screeched as ambulances carried away some of their fallen comrades, victims of heat and exhaustion.

"Their decision to march upon the Capitol necessitated the resort to unusual precautions. When the crowd at the Capitol became alarmingly large, the drawbridges leading to Anacostia, where most of the 20,000 veterans are encamped, were ordered raised. Large details of police prevented a siege of three bridges. No attempt to tamper with the bridges was reported.

"The action of the Senate halted the bill which had swept triumphantly through the House. The only votes the veterans could muster in the Senate were from ten Democrats, seven Republicans, and one Farmer-Laborite."

And so the "Army of No Occupation," as it has been dubbed,

A MAJORITY of the press, as stated, are gratified at the Senate's defeat of the bonus bill and incensed with the House for passing it. Dozens of papers, while sympathizing with the veterans, declare that a bonus payment would be disastrous at a time like this. Attacking the House for "bald partizanship and cowardice" in approving "this preposterous bit of legislation," the *Springfield Union*, in a typical editorial, continues thus:

"As the House well knew, it was always doubtful that the Senate would approve it, and certain that it could not be passed over the President's veto.

"Yet these timorous legislators persisted in passing the buck lest they incur the disfavor of the soldier group. They were willing to betray their country's best interests for the sake of a few votes.

"The overwhelming defeat of the measure should put an end to bonus agitation for some time to come, and convince the misguided 'army' of lobbyists in Washington that they might as well disband and go home. The enthusiasm of those who insist on sticking it out until 1945, if necessary, may dampen in time.

"The orderliness of this ill-advised army of former soldiers is to be commended, but nothing can be said for their objective. They are, indeed, far less to be condemned than their leaders and, particularly, those vote-seeking Congressmen who, before and during the encampment, have by their votes and verbal encouragement inspired confidence that their impossible demands would be met if sufficient pressure were brought to bear.

"With the soldiers' organizations themselves opposed to the demonstration, and the overburdened taxpayers making their will known, it is likely that the threat to work against the reelection of Senators who defeated the bill will come to naught.

"Those who sponsor the unpatriotic demand for a hand-out to less than 4 per cent. of the population comprise an insignificant proportion of the electorate."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

MONEY ought to be "easy." Wherever it is, it seems to be resting.—*Weston (Ore.) Leader*.

WHEN they named 'em "doughboys," somebody certainly knew their bonus.—*Greensboro (Ga.) Herald-Journal*.

SOMETIMES the art of framing a political platform is confused with the art of framing an electorate.—*Detroit Free Press*.

A SOUTH DAKOTA farmer was jailed for making liquor of farm-board wheat given him by the Red Cross. He did not, of course, show the right spirit.—*Weston Leader*.

THE assets that freeze most readily are the ones that are full of water.—*Dunbar's Weekly (Phoenix)*.

SUGGESTED slogan to end the depression: "There's a great day coming—buy and buy."—*Atlanta Constitution*.

PATRIOTIC Chileans are ousting foreign Communists. They propose to do their own confiscating.—*Washington Post*.

THE exploits of Mr. Means suggest that there is no danger of America going off the gold-brick standard.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot*.

SOME lines show no deviation from normalcy. The annual discovery of a positive cure for hay-fever has been proclaimed on schedule time.—*Detroit News*.

If the two party platforms were reduced to "We want to stay in" and "We want to get in," they would probably be just as influential with the electorate.—*Washington Post*.

A KANSAS campaigner for public office has adopted "Let Me Call You Sweetheart" as his radio theme number. We feel, however, that "I Can't Give You Anything But Love" would be more honest.—*Detroit News*.

IN politics the past master is the postmaster.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot*.

If it has done nothing else the depression has done much to cut down the hostility to work.—*Ohio State Journal*.

THE trouble with that \$43.85 of cash per capita in circulation is that everybody owes it to the other fellow.—*Wichita Eagle*.

REPUBLICAN repealists didn't bring home the bacon from Chicago, but they scrambled the eggs.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot*.

"DEMOCRATS Hold Outing."—Head-line. They're good on the outings, but what those boys crave is their innings.—*Springfield Union*.

THE great public interest in mystery stories seems to have been recognized by those in charge of writing the G. O. P. Plank on Prohibition.—*Ohio State Journal*.

AN economist tells us that the man who borrowed \$1 in 1919 now actually owes \$3.33. And the man he borrowed it from probably would settle for \$.33.—*Albany Knickerbocker Press*.

IVAR KREUGER, says a writer who saw that magnate a few years ago, "was a rather small and shy man." He kept on getting shyer and shyer until, in 1932, he was shy about \$160,000,000.—*Detroit News*.

WILL ROGERS declares for the sales tax—it will not apply to wisecracks.—*Tampa Tribune*.

IT is seldom that a miss in the engine develops the pronounced knock of the missus in the car.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

IT requires a good eye nowadays to tell where a nudist colony ends and a bathing beach begins.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot*.

MASSIE's full citizenship has been restored in Kentucky. It is not as if the man had done something criminal, like feeding miners' children.—*The New Yorker*.

ANYWAY, it will cost our creditors a cent more for each bill they send us.—*Florence (Ala.) Herald*.

GANGSTERS have learned that even the wages of sin are subject to an income tax.—*Ohio State Journal*.

OUR politicians no longer duel as they do in other countries, but how they can fence!—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot*.

SOME research organization asks in a questionnaire our opinion as to the general tone of business. We think it's D-flat.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

RECENTLY published figures show that flying is decidedly cheaper than it was last year. Evidently the cost of going up is coming down.—*The Humorist (London)*.

THE Texan, walking backward around the world, is no longer in a Turkish jail. Perhaps by backing out he gave the warden the impression he was coming in.—*Detroit News*.

A FRENCH composer has been summoned for assaulting his publisher with a heavy roll of manuscript music. The poor fellow only wanted to make a hit with his songs.—*The Humorist*.



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Just Concentrate!

—Brown in the New York "Herald Tribune."

THE American people can't work up much enthusiasm for a third party. Two seem to be plenty.—*Cincinnati Times-Star*.

ANYBODY who has seen a board in a rain-storm knows that a plank may be wet on one side and dry on the other.—*Boston Evening Transcript*.

THE memories of some circus elephants are said to be so marvelous that they can remember when the patrons used to give them peanuts.—*Judge*.

ROCKEFELLER, JR., comes out against Prohibition. Maybe he figures that tax on gasoline has been running the country long enough.—*Greensboro Herald-Journal*.

ONE advantage the defeated candidate always has over his successful opponent. He doesn't need to explain why he is unable to keep his campaign promises.—*Detroit Free Press*.

PSYCHIATRISTS in Philadelphia are baffled by a case in which the subject falls into a deep sleep after kissing a girl in a taxi. Personally, we should prescribe some other girl.—*Detroit News*.

ONE of our British critics has declared that among the many of the greatest surprises he experienced while here was the fact that Americans want both liquor and Prohibition. He seems to have been too fuddled to notice that they weren't the same Americans.—*New Orleans States*.

The Two Big "vons" of Germany's Junker Cabinet

GERMANY'S JUNKER CABINET, it is sarcastically called by some English and French editors, and they declare it "a danger to Germany and the world at large."

The Monarchist reaction in Germany at present is purely of German interest, according to its defenders, notes the London *News-Chronicle* in an editorial cabled to *THE LITERARY DIGEST*. But this suggestion, declares *The News-Chronicle*, needs "only to be stated to be dismissed."

In Europe generally, and in France particularly, this daily adds, "the electric effects any movement of this kind will produce are obvious."

Similar sentiments in other journals inspire keen interest in the two most prominent members of the Cabinet formed after the summary dismissal of Chancellor Heinrich Brüning by President von Hindenburg. One of these is Chancellor von Papen and the other Gen. Kurt von Schleicher, Minister of the Reichswehr. The latter is actually a new political personage on view.

This army officer, von Schleicher, who a year ago was entirely unknown beyond professional circles, is said to-day to be a man of greater public interest in Germany than President von Hindenburg or Adolf Hitler.

Someregard General von Schleicher, we read in a Berlin copyright dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune*, "as a German who is going to restore the Monarchy by bringing the Hohenzollerns back to the throne."

OTHERS see in him, we are told, a military dictator who is destined to "dish" Hitler by taking over supreme power just when the Nazis appear to be at the point of gaining control of the Government. In the judgment of a powerful and independent Vienna newspaper, the *Neue Freie Presse*, von Schleicher is the man who makes political history behind the scenes in Germany—"the man who emerges into the light only to shrink back into the shadow as he prepares his triumphs." This Vienna daily continues:

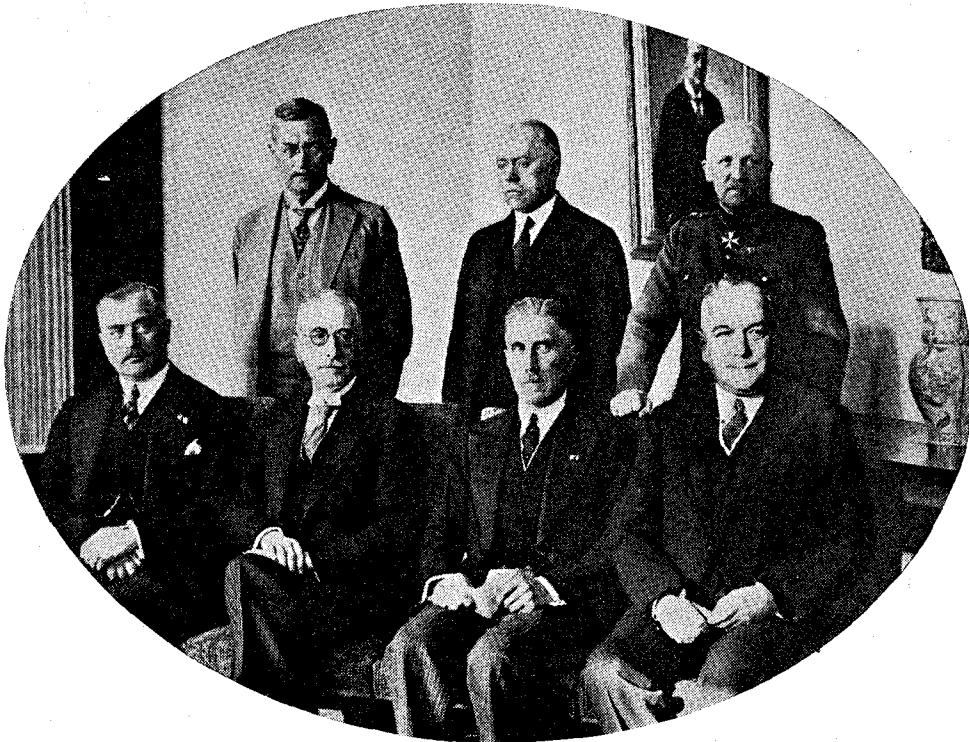
"There are those who insist that General von Schleicher is surrounded only by enemies. The truth is that no man in Germany has better or friendlier personal relationships than General von Schleicher. The wheels and spokes of the political machinery at Berlin are intimately known to General von Schleicher. He it is who greases many a wheel of the political machinery."

"He has a truly amiable ability to keep on friendly terms with the most extreme critics of the government among the Socialists."

"His comprehension of the workings of a parliamentary machine is no less amazing than his insight into the operations of a military cabinet and a general staff. He is equally at home in the camp, on the field of battle, in the forum, and on the street. He might be called, with justice, a political general in the ideal sense."

"No one has ever seen General von Schleicher in public without a smile on his face. He has an exquisitely beaming expression. One dare not affirm that he has many friends. He has barely more than four. But hangers-on, champions, advocates, followers—of these he has multitudes, all enthusiastic. General von Schleicher has the sense of humor in a unique degree."

The *Neue Freie Presse* goes on to say that the General has a high-pitched, insinuating voice which issues command in a tone of persuasion. If he thunders, it is related, it must be in the privacy of a most intimate circle. Prussian generals have hitherto been heroic at times, again genial, perhaps even deferential, but rarely charming, according to this newspaper, which goes on:



Keystone-Underwood photograph

Germany's New Cabinet at the Chancellor's Office

Seated left to right: Baron von Braun, Minister of Agriculture; Baron von Gayl, Minister of the Interior; Chancellor von Papen and Foreign Minister Baron von Neurath. Standing, left to right: Dr. Gurtner, Minister of Justice; Professor Warmbold, Minister of Economy, and General von Schleicher, Minister of the Reichswehr.

"Schleicher charms. With the possible exception of General von Seeckt, whom so many Germans regard as a coming President of the German Republic, General von Schleicher is the most petted darling of the salons of Berlin. Schleicher has the faculty for conciliation which is not so apparent in the somewhat grim deportment of General von Seeckt. Schleicher married about two years ago, and from the social standpoint this marriage has been a great success. The salons of Berlin are more devoted to Schleicher now than when he was a bachelor. Yet we are not to infer that General von Schleicher is at home mainly in fashionable society."

"He has an inimitable way with the masses of mankind. He understands the mob, the multitude, the many, the masses. He is a born psychologist."

"He has a genius for the establishment of contacts. His desk at the defense ministry was a center from which he seemed to make public opinion—or at any rate guide it his way. His knowledge of what is going on has something uncanny about it. Only police chiefs under despotisms have hitherto had all the inside information which General von Schleicher acquires mysteriously."

THE other portentous figure in Germany's new Cabinet is much more familiar to the public outside Germany, for everybody in all the allied countries remember Chancellor von Papen and his navy colleague Captain Boy-Ed of the German Embassy at Washington, who were dismissed from the United States for State reasons in 1915.

When Colonel von Papen sailed from the United States

three days before Christmas, some press correspondents now recall, "he took with him a safe conduct issued by the State Department, a tub of sauerkraut, a crate of table delicacies from a Fifth Avenue caterer, and several cases of documents."

To these documents the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* refers sarcastically in a word portrait of Chancellor von Papen, which it must be admitted is not drawn sympathetically:

"Franz von Papen has one disadvantage—he lacks profile. He has no face, in the tremendous Bismarckian manner."

Perhaps, suggests the Vienna daily, he can improvise a face as some great actors can do. The possibility is faint to this Austrian contemporary:

"He is a Westphalian, a territorial aristocrat, the member of a family which from time to time has produced military heroes.

his papers were captured. The British took from him his check-books, his secret documents and his records which, with incredible thoughtlessness, he had not destroyed, and which proved his complicity in the most compromising transactions. The material was handed over by the English to the Americans and duly set down in a diplomatic volume which was made public.

"It need scarcely be stated that an irreparable disaster to German diplomacy was the result of this ineptitude. Not long after this von Papen perpetrated an imbecility no less egregious."

THE *Berliner Tageblatt* proceeds with its unsparing description of Germany's new Chancellor by recalling that during the Palestine campaign in which he played some part, von Papen left some compromising papers behind him at Nazareth when that place was suddenly evacuated. These documents threw further light on his doings in the United States, this daily alleges, and so "further damage was done to the German cause." We read then:

"Since these heroic achievements in the World War, von Papen has been a trouble-maker in the Roman Catholic Center party, for his persistence in advocating extreme Conservative views did much mischief.

"He was a terrible trial to the agricultural faction in the Prussian Landtag, and he was not made a candidate of the group at the last election.

"It has long been whispered that when a conspiracy was formed to bring about the fall of Heinrich Brüning, this von Papen was picked out from the first to succeed him."

New Zealand Farm Cooperation

FIRST-HAND experience in farm cooperation in New Zealand leads a contributor to the *Manchester Guardian* to wonder why the British farmer will not or can not fall in with some co-operative scheme for manufacture and marketing of his produce. Especially is this informant, Boyd Cable, puzzled because the same British farmer no sooner migrates to one of the Dominions that he eagerly accepts the cooperative movements, joins

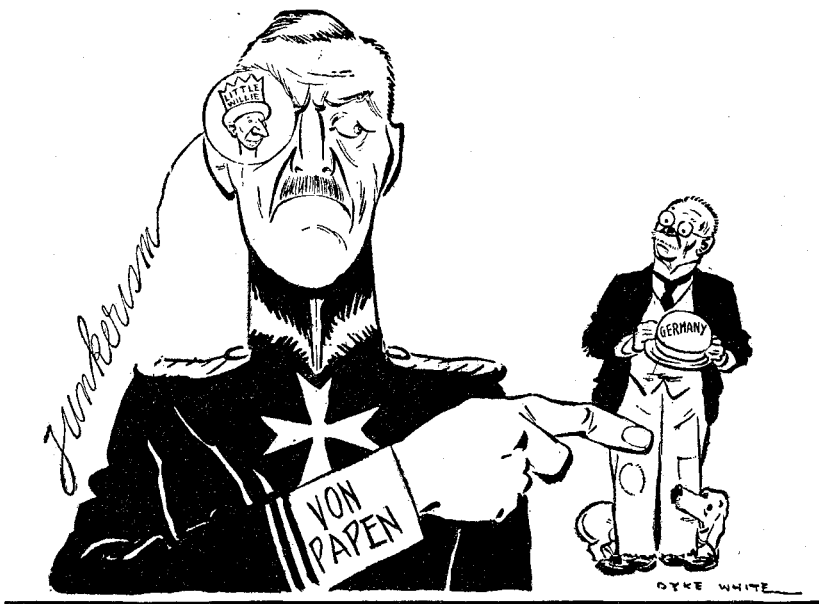
his "Co-op," makes the fullest use of it, and gives every help to make it "the tremendous success it is." Describing cooperative farming in New Zealand, on a little farm where "a good part of the land was rough pasturage for sheep and cattle, and a small part was suitable for dairy farming," Mr. Cable writes:

"We only had cows enough to give a milking of two or three cans of the size and shape in general use here. We were a good distance out from any town or market for the milk, and it certainly would not have paid to send a horse and cart and a man the best part of a day's drive in and out to sell so small a quantity. We did not have to.

"We put the milk through the separator, kept the skim-milk to feed the calves and pigs, poured the butter-fat milk into the cans, carted these a few hundred yards down to the roadside, and left them there. From this point we were finished with the milk, were free to carry on with our own farming job, and left the Co-op to take hold of our product and do the best with it. The factory lorry making its rounds picked up our full cans and at the same time dropt the emptied, cleaned, scoured, and sterilized cans from our last milking ready for us to refill.

"At the factory, our little lot of milk was measured for quantity and butter-fat content, and the farm was credited with the value at the current price of the day, less a fraction set aside to meet possible fluctuation by the time the goods reached the market.

"The factory was one of a chain spread over all the dairying districts. Some of the farmers had their milk collected as we did, and others delivered their own to the factory. At regular hours you would see a stream of carts and lorries pouring into the built-up factory platform, where the full cans were off-loaded and a batch of empty, clean ones picked up. The driver got a receipt for the amount of milk delivered, and rattled off in a haze of sun-lit dust back to his farm work."



Germany's "Monocle Minister"

—The "Daily Record" (Glasgow).

Von Papen himself served on the general staff of the Fourth Turkish Army, but since the end of the World War he has put aside all military activities and has been active in journalism connected with the Center party. He has also been a deputy in the Prussian Landtag.

"However intimately he may have been associated with Center party journalism he has not worked well with Brüning, altho Brüning is a light of the Roman Catholic cause. A real business man Franz von Papen is not. He is no real diplomat. He is no real parliamentarian."

NOR is he even a real Chancellor, suspects the *Berliner Tageblatt* (Ind. Dem.). He may be deemed a sort of manikin, a dummy who is in due time to give way to the personality dimly discerned as his successor. The great Berlin daily proceeds with its ironic impressions of the von Papen personality:

"From the outbreak of the World War until the end of 1915 von Papen was German military attaché in the United States, and in those days he did what he could to disturb and exasperate the relations between Germany and America. His main business as military attaché he considered to be to incite people to destroy bridges, to do damage, to get up conspiracies. He went so far that at the earnest desire of the Washington Government he had to be recalled. Von Papen thought his course of conduct was a blow at the Allied Powers. He was sincere in his belief that his proceedings were a help to Germany.

"His recall from America was based upon the American belief that von Papen's questionable doings were achieved in combination with persons residing in the United States, his doings being moreover lawless or unethical.

"When Herr von Papen, for whom the Americans secured a safe conduct for his ocean journey home, was on the high seas,

Indian Distrust of Ottawa

TO HELP THE BRITISH EMPIRE emerge from the depression and give the rest of the world an example of mutually beneficial trade, extending over a quarter of the globe's surface, is the main purpose of the Imperial Economic Conference beginning at Ottawa July 17.

This is recognized by all participants, remarks the *Toronto Mail and Empire*, which adds that everybody knows also there must be more give-and-take among all the countries represented in order that each part of the Empire may profit.

But just on that point some British Indian editors differ sharply with this Canadian daily.

"Come into my parlor, croons Britain from Ottawa," they say, "but India, her foster-child, hesitates and even replies: 'No, thank you!'"

What is more remarkable to some outside observers is the fact that the Moderates, who have stood against boycott and other destructive doctrines of the Indian National Congress, seem to be as chary of granting favors to Britain and her Dominions as the so-called Extremists.

Thus, C. Y. Chintamani, once chief Minister in the Government of the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh, and a dominant personality in the Moderate party, writes in the *Allahabad Leader*, of which he is editor:

"Indian opinion has expressed itself in no uncertain terms that it is opposed to Imperial Preference, which will do more harm than good to India.

"The fact is that the object is to find a market for British goods in India. It is an unenviable task that has been imposed by the Government of India on the delegation that will represent India at Ottawa.

"We have no doubt that if India had been self-governing, no delegation would be allowed to commit the country to a policy injurious to its interests."

MORE distrustful still of the Ottawa Conference are some Indian publicists who are not attached to any party. For instance, the editorial contributor to *The Modern Review* has this to say:

"India's trade with foreign countries other than Great Britain and her colonies is greater than her trade with the latter.

"Hence we shall lose rather than gain by Imperial Preference."

In contrast we have the statement of a Moslem legislator, Seth Haji Abdul Haroon, who is also a delegate of the Government of India to the Ottawa parley. His verdict is reproduced in the *Bombay Times of India*, a British-owned newspaper:

"In order to sell her goods India may have to enter into preferential trade agreements either with the United Kingdom, the Dominions, or with other countries.

"India is mainly a producer of raw materials for which she is not only getting low prices at present, but also the sale of some of the raw materials has become impossible. The main question for consideration before India is to find markets for her raw products. If that is not found, her agriculture will suffer. This delegate, however, will see to it that any preferential agreement which may be reached at Ottawa will not put India to any loss."

Peasants' New Gains in Russia

THE MOST IMPORTANT DEVELOPMENT inside Russia is said to be the new policy of the Soviet Government toward the peasantry.

Four decrees comprise this change in treatment of the farm workers, it appears, and one, which attracts most attention, reduces government grain collections this year by about 20 per cent. Consequently, more grain is left in the hands of the growers, who, whether collective farm members or individual peasants, may sell their grain in the open market at their own prices and not at prices fixed by the Government.

The peasants are expected to be very happy now, according to a grain trust official quoted in Moscow press cables, "for they will have more grain for their own use, and will be able to indulge in one of their favorite pastimes by bartering it at bazaars."

Three other decrees affecting the peasants are reported. One of these, says the Moscow correspondent of the *London Observer*, affirms the right of peasant members of collective farms to keep farm animals as individual property.

Another ruling makes a sweeping reduction—by about 50 per cent.—in the amount of the meat the peasants are required to sell at fixed prices, and removes former prohibitions in regard to the slaughtering of certain kinds of cattle.

The fourth and final decree benefiting the peasants, we are told, substantially reduces the tax imposed on peasants who trade in the markets and cancels entirely all earlier price regulations, so far as peasants who trade individually are concerned.

WHILE the Soviet press is proud of these reforms and has only praise for them, anti-Soviet Russian newspapers, issued in

various parts of Europe, naturally view the new policy adversely. A specimen of such opinion is found in *Posslednia Novosti*, a democratic anti-Soviet daily of Paris:

"The new law on free trade in farm products proves that Stalin's agricultural policy is a complete failure.

"The violent forcing of peasants into collective farms, together with the squeezing of grain from villages, have resulted in the decadence of Russian farms, in the decrease of grain production, and in a considerable impoverishment of the country's cattle wealth. This is the condition in individual farms, in collective establishments, and also in Soviet 'grain factories.'"

THE official Soviet reply to the foregoing criticism appears in *Izvestia*, organ of the Soviet Government in Moscow, which says of the 20 per cent. reduction in grain collection:

"This measure has been decreed in order to make the trade between the cities and the country still more active than it is and to improve still further the supply of cities with farm products.

"Moreover, it will contribute to increase the activity of the peasants—both of the individual peasants and of those belonging to collective farms—for both these groups will enjoy alike this newly granted right. The peasants will be full owners of the money derived from such trade."



The Eyes of the World on Ottawa

"There will not be a knot-hole in the fence left unused."

—A. G. Racey in the "Daily Star" (Montreal).

46353

Chile's Throes of Rebirth

CHILE'S SOCIAL REVOLUTION, has progressed with moving-picture speed and sensation from the time the military junta, headed by Carlos G. Davila, former Chilean Ambassador to the United States, and Col. Marmaduke Grove, descendant of an adventurous Irishman who went to Chile in 1848, ousted President Juan Esteban Montero's Government, and forced the then President to flee to Mendoza, Chile.

No sooner was this junta installed than its members split among themselves. Davila was obliged to resign from it after

was returned to power last week by a revolutionary coup which overthrew the short-lived government of Col. Marmaduke Grove.

"Machine-guns were mounted on the Presidential palace, indicating that the government was prepared for stern measures to end the rioting. Iron shutters were put up on business houses, and the American Ambassador, William S. Culbertson, requested the junta to provide greater protection for United States citizens and interests."

Carlos G. Davila, President of the latest ruling junta, declares in a statement to the United Press that his government has "two immediate objectives":

"1. To increase production until the country has a surplus for exportation.

"2. The socialization of all economic processes.

"To this end we shall work by organizing all production by cooperation instead of competition. Profits from economic processes will go in small part to individuals but mostly to the State. We hope to create a collective economic system that will progress parallel with individual enterprise with the object of raising the country from its state of misery."

ALL neighboring South American countries are intensely interested in the Chilean situation, especially as Chile has been considered a State of more equable political mind than some others in Latin America. Cabled editorials from the Latin-American press to THE LITERARY DIGEST reveal the neighboring influential Buenos Aires *Nacion* saying in explanation of Chilean conditions:

"The replacement of Col. Marmaduke Grove's military government by Carlos G. Davila's was due primarily to the

latter's declared hostility to the Reds.

"The Davila junta appears to be moderate Socialist, far from either Left or Right Wings. Such a tendency, which does not exclude nationalism, and which couples a cooler vision toward finance and private property, was the basis of the movement against Colonel Grove, who had slipped rapidly toward the Communists, thus stirring up the resistance of the midway Socialists."

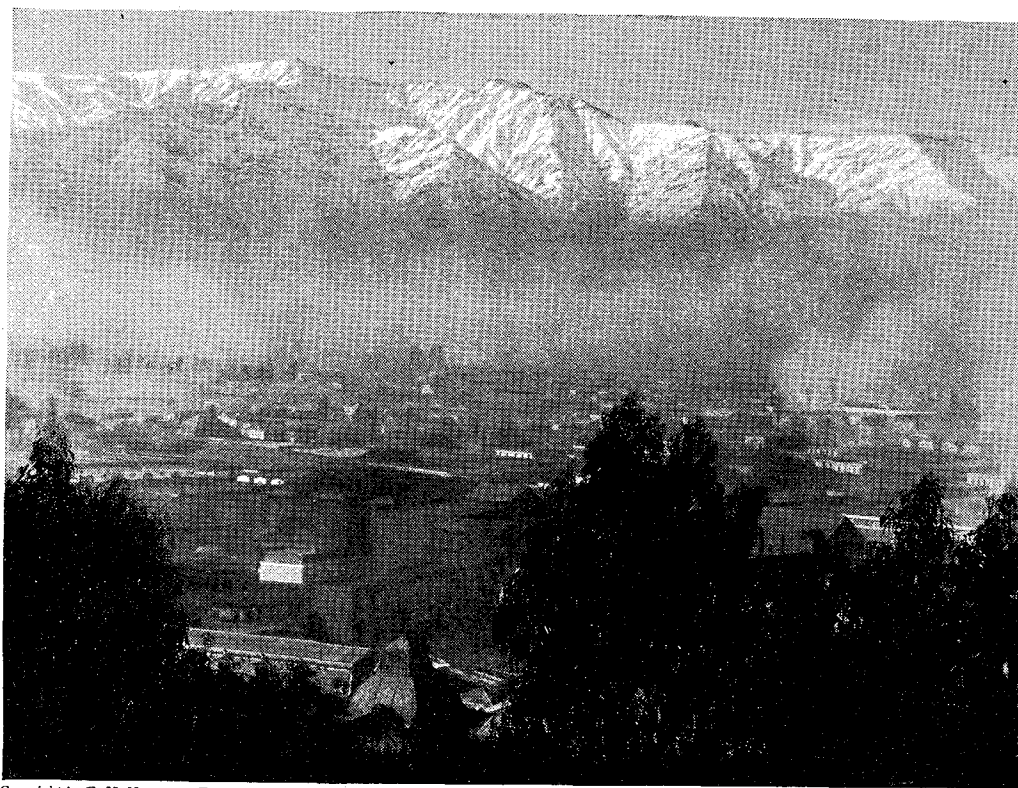
ANOTHER near-by observer, the Lima (Peru) *Comercio*, an old Conservative-Independent daily, has confidence that the Davila Government "will not be a threat against the traditional institutions, not only of Chile, but of the American Continent."

But there is a marked tone of skepticism in editorials cabled to THE LITERARY DIGEST from the press of Montevideo (Uruguay). For instance, *El Dia* laments:

"The counter-revolution undermined the hopes of many. The present social and economic problems of Chile contrast strongly with the previous years of peace and prosperity under constitutional rule. But one revolution leads to another. The country is now in convulsions, and nobody knows where and when the subversive movements will terminate."

Even more pessimistic is the remark of the Montevideo *Pueblo*:

"Davila's junta declared that the country is initiating an era of peace and social work, but it seems to us that the country's desire for peace is wrecked—peace henceforth will likely be accompanied by volcanoes."



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In the Shadow of the Cordilleras

The eternal mountains overlooking Chile's capital witness the birth of a new political order amid turmoil and bloodshed.

demands had been made that the military junta be replaced by a civilian one headed by Davila.

Then, in a counter-revolution, Davila came back, Col. Marmaduke Grove was deposed, and he and his chief aids were arrested and shipped aboard the destroyer *Lynch* to Juan Fernandez Island, 400 miles out in the rolling Pacific.

The commander of the destroyer told officials of the civilian junta, headed by Davila and his associates, that Juan Fernandez Island is not a safe place of detention, and asked that the guards there be reenforced.

Meanwhile, Santiago United Press dispatches tell of a mob that rose in protest against Davila's new "sane Socialistic Government," and stormed the arsenal on the outskirts of the city and clashed repeatedly with carabineros who repulsed them. It is further related:

"Twenty-five persons were killed and seventy-five wounded in rioting in the streets here, according to a check made by the United Press. Marines were understood to have been sent to Valparaiso to aid carabineros there. Machine-gun patrols in the streets of Santiago late to-night apparently had succeeded in bringing order.

"The outbreak in the capital and in Valparaiso, its seaport, was the most serious since the overthrow of the dictatorial government of the exiled Gen. Carlos Ibanez last July.

"The carabineros, acting under a decree of martial law, battled the rioters in both cities in defense of the junta headed by Carlos G. Davila, former Ambassador at Washington, who

LETTERS AND ART

LITERATURE / DRAMA / MUSIC / FINE-ARTS / EDUCATION / CULTURE

Can Intelligence Be Taught?

A COLLEGE RUN WITHOUT CLASSROOMS, lectures, or text-books. Such was Alexander Meiklejohn's five-year plan at Wisconsin University.

A "noble experiment," the authorities are willing to admit, but it didn't take root in Wisconsin, and so will not be continued for the benefit of the world at large.

Dr. Meiklejohn, smooth-shaven, spare of visage, with abundant dark hair, was president of Amherst College from 1912 to 1924. While there he aroused student enthusiasm over his "plan." Faculty and trustees viewed it otherwise. The students demonstrated by boycotting studies.

Wisconsin, under its new president, Glenn Frank, was more hospitable, but has now had its change of heart.

Yet George F. Whicher, writing in the New York *Herald Tribune*, feels that "American academic life is the poorer for the loss of the most hopeful agency of criticism and challenge that has appeared in many years."

Dr. Meiklejohn, in his recent "The Experimental College" (Harper & Brothers), defines the liberal college as one that "intends, by using scholarship—its fruits or processes or both of these—to so cultivate and strengthen the intelligence of a pupil that he may be ready to take responsibility for the guidance of his own behavior."

No different, one would say, from the ideal of colleges in general, whatever the accomplishment.

The Experimental College went about it in a different way. The plan underwent modification as it was put into practice, but as originally conceived "there were apparently three things which we wished the student to do during his two years."

"First, he was to become acquainted with Athens.

"Second, he was to become likewise acquainted with nineteenth-century America.

"And third, by comparing and contrasting these, he was to make for himself an understanding of what a civilization is.

"But further, it should be noted, there was implied in these arrangements still another activity which was to come after the completion of the college course—that of taking this newly won insight into the life of twentieth-century America and using it there as an instrument of intelligent human living."

THE method was not to be the usual mastery of the course of events.

Education we observe, covered two- and not the usual four-year course:

"In the freshman year we began with Pericles; we then moved on to include Plato. Our first thought had been that the student should see the Great Age as a set of objective achievements. But later it became clear that for us the significance, the meaning, of those achievements is to be found not so much

in them as such as in the thinking about them in the minds which they stirred to action.

"We must read the dramatists who came before and with and after Pericles; we must read Thucydides, who tells the tragic story of the rise of the city under its leader, and of its decline in later years; and especially we must read Plato, who, seeing both the glory and the tragedy, tries to think it all through as a scheme of life, to discover its meaning, to plan for its more genuine and permanent success.

"The shift in the freshman year has come from the perception that what we wish our students to get is not primarily an acquaintance with the Greek situation, but an acquaintance with the Greek mind, a sense of Greek intelligence at work upon its situation.

"And the change in the sophomore teaching is another aspect of the same drift. In the original notion the sophomore year was to be, like the freshman, preparatory. The student, having seen one civilization far in time and circumstance from the present, was to study another near to the present, so that by the comparison and contrast of these two he might then move on to the interpretation of his own present world. But in the sophomore year as now conceived preparation is over; the student is at work upon his final and permanent intellectual task. This is the last year of his formal liberal training. The time has come for him to ask for and to take self-direction in an actual world.

"He must therefore study now the modern, the American, mind at work upon the situation in the midst of which he is to live. He must share in the thinking which is now being done or, perhaps better, in that which ought to be done. He must show himself ready to assume intellectual responsibilities. Here, too, one finds the explanation of the greater emphasis in the second year on the acquiring and keeping of significant information.

"In order that a student may understand the problems of his own time and place it is not enough that he formulate those problems in general terms which are applicable to all civilizations. He must see them also as they are set and modified by the peculiarities of value and of circumstance which determine in the present age and country the special issues with which it must deal.

"Human problems must now become local and contemporary and specific issues. And as he grapples with these the student will face the necessity of knowing what the sciences of the modern world are doing, what are the current and developing processes of industry and commerce, how the agencies of government operate and change, how the activities of modern men come into being, are built up or torn down, are hindered or enhanced, what is going on in the fields of art, literature, play, religion, philosophy.

"About all these, as they are actually going on, the student must learn to read intelligently. It is the purpose of the sophomore year to try to get him firmly on his feet in the activity."

MR. WHICHER objects that Dr. Meiklejohn seems to "recognize intelligence only when it is applied to social and economic problems." Also, "he seems not to realize the steps by which it may be reached." And yet:

"Abstractly and logically he is profoundly right in holding that the aim of all education is the cultivation of wisdom. Psycho-



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Using Athens and America

Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn "experimented" on College student intelligence.

logically he appears not to be aware of the inevitable human antagonisms aroused by the explicit pursuit of an ideal value.

"We can respect a college that pretends to teach Latin, history, or physics; but what are we to think of a college that advertises to teach wisdom? We have our opinion of the lily of the field that becomes conscious of eclipsing Solomon.

"Intelligence and wisdom are indeed the ends of learning, and in human experience they are best won by following some branch of learning to the end. The first step is to fall in love with chemistry or Greek.

"The man who assumes to teach intelligence directly is not making conspicuous use of that quality. We lay down Mr. Meiklejohn's book with the reflection that Plato was wise to place his ideal republic in the sky."

Art Epidemic Running Wild

"EVERYBODY'S DOING IT," ran the words of a rather silly song of the turkey-trot period.

Nearly everybody, old and young, did "turkey-trot" for a time, but that time was the forgotten prewar age.

Now it seems that people are turning to art—chiefly painting—for diversion, and old and young again feel the infection.

Irving Hoffman, who conducts the "Town in Review" column in *The Morning Telegraph* (New York), finds budding or blooming artists in unexpected places.

A corporation lawyer, Mr. Eugene W. Small, recently held a one-man show of his work in a New York gallery. "He started painting two years ago, when he was fifty-nine years old, and still can not understand how it came about."

Mr. Hoffman's list of new discoveries omits Winston Churchill, who takes days off from settling Britain's political affairs to paint landscapes. Mr. Hoffman fishes nearer home:

"Telltale smears of color on unsuspected sleeves and unguarded-moment references to yellow ochre have revealed to me recently the alarming fact that the passion for painting is rapidly reaching the proportions of an epidemic.

"I did not realize the seriousness of the situation until the other night when, at a dining place, I found the hat-check girl working, between incoming and outgoing hats, on an oil study. That, of course, convinced me of the impossibility of immunity.

"So far I have been unable to determine how it all started. There are those who hold Somerset Maugham responsible. 'The Moon and Sixpence,' they say, must have put into more than one head the notion that it would be rather fun to leave mundane responsibilities and become, with the curtain lowered to indicate a lapse of years, an old master. Others blame it on nothing more than the fact that modern paintings have the appearance of being easily tossed off by the artist.

"At any rate, the heaven has spread, and to the most unexpected quarters. Heywood Broun, of course, is still painting. He is almost an old master now, and has a smock. Then there is Walter Damrosch, who drops the baton only to pick up the brush. Elihu Root, Jr., when not following his father's footsteps in the law courts, produces some admirable landscapes.

"Among others are Deems Taylor, the Gershwins, Michael Fokine, Dr. Stanley Bauch, Harry Herring, engraver; Charles Burchfield, wall-paper manufacturer; Sherwood Anderson, novelist; Paul Renouard, chemist; Charles Downing Lay, landscape architect; Osgood Perkins and Leslie Howard, actors. It is even reported that Harpo Marx, of the Marx Brothers, has been painting in secret for years.

"For some reason, the art situation has become acute in medical circles, too. A few years ago an art exhibition was opened at the Academy of Medicine, and among the unsuspected New York physicians and surgeons who showed work were Dr. I. Seth Hirsch, X-ray specialist at Bellevue; Dr. Carl Vogel, Dr. Henry Moeller, Dr. Robert Abbe, Dr. Leigh Hunt, Dr. Robert L. Dickinson, Dr. Charles L. Dana, and Dr. Clarence de La Chapelle. Most of these, however, go in for sculpture.

"I am told that in one Sunday art class in the city may be found a plasterer, a pants-presser, a portrait painter, a daughter of a multimillionaire, two book-salesmen, a retired lawyer, an old lady of ninety, and a school-teacher. One of the students recently quit because the others objected to the space he took

up with a six-foot canvas. It developed that he is a watch-repairer, and specializes all week in timepieces so tiny they are worn in rings and coat-lapel buttons."

"Uncle Tom" in Russia

SOVIET CHILDREN ARE PERMITTED TO SNIFFLE over the woes of *Uncle Tom*.

But they may not accompany *Little Eva* to heaven.

This is to announce that Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" holds some message in furtherance of Soviet doctrine, but it suffers sea-change in its transition to Russia.

Produced by the Moscow Second Art Theater it contains interesting heresies from the American standpoint, and these are revealed by the New York *Herald Tribune*:

"To start with, for some reason *Little Eva's* name is changed to *Dora*, and she is depicted as quite a different girl from the frail, spiritual being American children have come to know.

"Far from being delicate, she is hale and almost tomboyish on the Soviet stage. Her conversations with her father and *Uncle Tom* about God and religion are all eliminated here, for Soviet children must not be exposed to anything which might serve to stimulate their interest in religious things.

"One gains the impression that the Soviet producers desire to present *Eva*, or *Dora*, as something of an American forerunner to a vigorous present-day *Komsomol* (Young Communist) championing the cause of the downtrodden proletarian Negro.

"Looking back over a period of more than twenty years to a road-show matinee in an Oregon town, this correspondent finds that the episodes which stand out most vividly are the death of *Little Eva*, the flogging and death of *Uncle Tom*, the reception of *Uncle Tom's* soul into heaven by *Eva*, and the escape of *Eliza* and her child across the ice.

"The antireligious campaign here results in the elimination of several of these high lights.

"Thus *Little Eva*, or *Dora*, fails to die during the period of the play, and, of course, there is no suggestion at the death of *Uncle Tom* either that he has a soul to go to heaven or that there is a heaven where *Little Eva*—if she were dead—might be waiting for it.

"Apart from the changes considered necessary for political reasons, the Soviet version involves a number of innovations disappointing to the American brought up in the tradition of the melodramatic road show.

"Fancy, for example, an 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' in which you were deprived of the privilege of seeing *Eliza* cross the ice! Apparently less courageous than their American counterparts, the Russian producers leave the difficult river-crossing scene to the imagination of the audience.

"Soviet children are permitted to hear the rush of the waters in the ice-filled Ohio River and to see *Eliza* jump with her child from the tavern window—Mrs. Stowe specifies a side door—when *Haley* arrives with the hounds, but they are denied the great thrill of watching her make her perilous way across the ice-cakes.

"And the Soviet heresy extends even further. Here *Topsy* is described as *Eliza's* daughter, and it is with *Topsy* and not with her beloved little *Harry* that the quadroon flees before the slave-trader. *Little Eva*, having continued to live, is in position to call at *Legree's* plantation in quest of *Uncle Tom*. Thus, it is she instead of *George* who is on hand when the dead slave is brought in."

ALL this, of course, is no worse than what our own movies do to the classics of literature when they are discovered by our hungry producers.

Some other deviations are noted:

"As for local color, the Second Art Theater goes astray in a good many particulars. Mrs. Stowe, I believe, makes it quite clear that *Uncle Tom's* cabin was constructed of logs, but the hut on the Russian stage is a tropical affair of bamboo stalks and loosely woven matting.

"There is much more of the Russian folksong than of the true spiritual of the American South in the melodies sung by the Negro characters in the Soviet version of the play. The make-up of the actors playing Negro rôles, especially that of *Uncle Tom* and *Aunt Chloe*, is tolerably good.

"The reason for the presentation here of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' is not far to seek. The play, of course, provides ample material to illustrate the way in which the Negro race was treated not so many years ago in America.

"Mrs. Stowe has always been charged in the South with exaggeration, but she is mild when compared with the producers of the Moscow version of the stage play. Nearly all the white characters are grotesque caricatures, in contrast to the Negroes, most of whom are shown in a favorable light.

"It should be said to the credit of the Second Art Theater's management that no attempt is made to give the impression that the play illustrates the contemporary scene in America. The costumes and manners are obviously of the middle nineteenth century, or even earlier."

She Made Anatole France Famous

SHE CRACKED THE WHIP—he went through his tricks.

He was soft, lazy, languid; she was virile, determined, ambitious.

"He'll never amount to anything!" malicious tongues whispered of this writer nearing forty. She held the whip over him, drove him to work, and nursed his reputation until his fame girdled the globe as the greatest of living French authors.

He signed his books Anatole France; her name was Madame Arman de Caillavet.

Her books, manuscripts, and letters have now been auctioned at the Hotel Drouot in Paris; and the French press is still expressing its amazement at the curious feat of this extraordinary woman who cultivated the genius of Anatole France until it became a great towering tree casting its shadow upon all modern literature. She was more than his inspiration, we read in *Comoedia* (Paris); she "ghosted" for the great man, and at least one of the stories she wrote is included in a volume of his tales.

In the catalog of the auction, to which all literary Paris flocked, the distinguished Charles Maurras, intellectual head of the Royalists, frankly acknowledged that the world-fame of Anatole France was created by the indefatigable efforts of Madame de Caillavet, herself the mother of a young man destined to become one of the most acclaimed of playwrights. Says Mr. Maurras:

"Those who love and admire the middle part of the work of Anatole France ought to know that the larger part of these books either would never have been written, or would have been inconceivably different than they are, if Madame de Caillavet had not exercised on that indolent fellow an energetic influence that controlled his every hour, tied him down to regular work, but which also respected the flights of fancy and free reasoning in which he loved to indulge.

"He was feeble and soft; she was virile.

"Extremely cultivated, almost erudite, Madame de Caillavet was familiar with the most abstract things in letters and art. I can still hear an elderly don whisper to me in consternation: 'She has read all the philosophers!'"

MADAME DE CAILLAVET enveloped Anatole France, pursues Charles Maurras, with the warmth of the two flames of her will and her far-reaching thought. He continues:

"Above everything, I believe, she put patient care, the sharp spur of every-day progress in the adored work. Perhaps, nevertheless, she preferred to that the beautiful, touching care spent upon nursing his fame.

"He will never attain the first rank,' wicked tongues whispered of him around 1890 and 1891.

"She knew how to guide him to the top—in Europe and in the Americas; for eight years, from 1890 to 1898, I followed her astounding effort, applied to the grouping of admirations and their stimulation, with the aim of uniting and consolidating the support of all these diverse publics.

"Around this delicate work she wove the web of her penetrating activity—a bit despotic, but tender withal. Nothing conventional or trite, no false adulation—but life, life in the open air, so that her hero would never get out of breath—the hero, sometimes unruly and untractable, of her own mysterious and spiritual making!"

Three hundred and eighty thousand francs (approximately \$15,000) was the reported value of the sale.

The Evening Standard (London) wonders why it is that the high prices paid by American collectors for manuscripts of famous works of literature are almost exclusively paid for those of English authors. Adding:

"I am tempted to ask this question by the comparative lowness of the sum fetched at a sale in Paris (70,000 francs, \$2,800) by the autographed MS. of Anatole France's tale, 'Le Lys Rouge.'"

"Greater sums than this are frequently paid for original manuscripts by half-a-dozen contemporary English writers whose celebrity is not likely to be one-half as enduring as that of Anatole France.

"I wonder if even an authentic MS. by Dante or Rabelais would fetch more in the American market than an original Dickens?"



From *The Bookman* (London)

From the painting by Guth

"Soft, Lazy, Languid"

Was Anatole France, but a woman "whipt" him into a foremost place in French literature.

The Cover

TEA is a welcome function at four o'clock in the editorial room of THE LITERARY DIGEST, tho it is not so colorful as the "Tea" on the cover. Work at the desks goes on between sips.

Miss Gardner, the artist, who was born at Fort Dodge, Iowa, gives us a few items about herself and her work:

"I am a member of the National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors, and exhibit with them as well as in other organizations. I am a member of the Fontainebleau (France) Ecole de Beaux Arts Alumni Association. I have done quite a little water-color painting, exhibiting with the New York Water-color Club and the American Water-color Society, but I am devoting myself to oils just now. I paint still life, gardens, and the landscapes, and some day expect to do something with portrait."

RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE

What? Religion an Opiate!

RELIGION IS AN OPIATE FOR THE PEOPLE, say the Bolsheviks.

Some people could well wish that were true. Things would be so much easier if the public conscience were lulled to sleep.

But recent utterances on Prohibition, marriage and divorce, birth control, unemployment relief, penal reform, conditions in the factories of New England and the mining districts of Pennsylvania and Kentucky, corruption in high places, stock gambling, race relations and so on, prove that religion is the great disturber instead of a pacifier. The commonest charge against the Church is not that it puts people to sleep but that it keeps them awake.

We are reminded of it by the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, which says that "one of the truly significant signs of the times is the forthright manner in which various denominations and religious organizations are facing the results of greed and social injustice. Not only are they removing the blinders which once they wore, they are demanding a change which will distribute more generally the benefits of society's functions in the world. They are seeing and acting realistically."

THE Methodists didn't go to sleep at Atlantic City, despite the nightly lullaby of the waves. Instead, they sat up and condemned the present industrial order as "unchristian, unethical, and antisocial, because it is largely based on the profit motive, which is a direct appeal to selfishness." They seek "a social way of life in which all men have opportunity to develop their capacities to the fullest possible extent." These militant sons of Wesley didn't stop with that, for *The Post-Dispatch* reminds us:

"Among the means which the Methodists advocated for effecting the change were immediate and adequate Federal relief for the jobless millions and Federal and State legislation to end such practices as stock speculation, short-selling and pool manipulation, which were described as devices to give free rein to selfishness and greed.

"Moreover, it was urged that a national body of governmental officials, leaders in industry and experts in the social sciences, be appointed for considering the problems of economic rehabilitation now everywhere demanding solution. Shorter working hours, old-age pensions, unemployment insurance, abolition of child labor, diversion of the costs of armaments into useful activities and a planned program of public works were among the subjects suggested for such a commission's study."

METHODIST district meetings, too, have been looking at the American scene with critical eye. At a recent district conference in Parsons, Kansas, notes *The Post-Dispatch*, a resolution was adopted as follows: "We see in our modern capitalistic form of economy a practice that is rapidly producing an inequality among individuals and nations, and we believe that some form of change of policy must be effected immediately."

The rarefied atmosphere of Denver has an exhilarating effect

on visitors—intoxicates some, they say—but it was not because of this that the Presbyterians made the Rockies ring. From that high elevation the Presbyterian General Assembly's committee on social and industrial relations reported bluntly that "unless democracy ends the maldistribution of wealth, maldistribution of wealth will end democracy." The committee said, in part:

"Industry for industry's sake has worn out. It has had its day. . . . No longer can we tolerate the evils of an extremely selfish, unbridled, uncontrolled, and leaderless individualism. . . .

Society must develop adequate measures to insure steady and full employment for capital, management, and labor. It must find some way to guarantee the fruits of industry alike to the employers and the employees."

THE same thought was broadcast to his world audience by Pope Pius XI in his recent encyclical. Foremost among the causes of the general breakdown are, he says, greed and the accumulation of wealth and power in the hands of a few. And, says *The Post-Dispatch*:

"Similar notice of conditions has been taken by the Bishops of the Episcopal Church, the Central Conference of American Rabbis, and numerous other church bodies.

"In St. Louis the work of the Social Justice Commission, composed largely of clergymen, is already well known.

"The two men who led the attack on New York City's political decay were churchmen, Rabbi Stephen S. Wise and the Rev. John Haynes Holmes.

"Religious leaders such as Sherwood Eddy, Reinhold Niebuhr, and Halford E. Luccock are among the most popular campus speakers, and their message to college students centers around the need for a realistic grasp of present conditions.

"When Protestant, Catholic, and Jew, in their several places of worship, and through accepted leaders, join in a common call for a check on greed and selfishness in terms of the world in which we live, a significant thing has come to pass. An order which pays no heed to their warning will run the grave risk of pulling down the temple on its head."

Hard Times Helping the Churches

NO great wave of evangelism has swept the country, and the churches have been as hard hit by the depression as has industry.

Yet, notes the *Boston Herald*, they are reporting larger congregations and a larger interest in spiritual values. Indeed,

"Many ministers testify that more persons are coming to them with their intimate problems. Clergymen feel themselves once more to be pastors, not merely administrators.

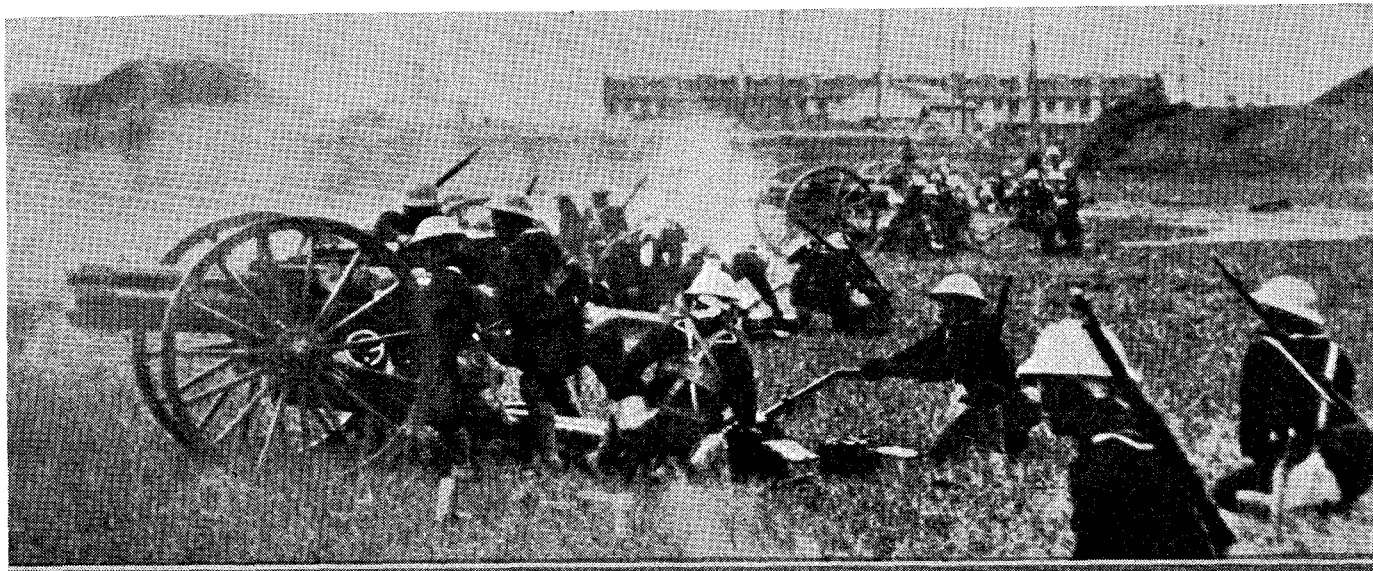
"If this is a correct statement of the situation, then these hard times are good for the churches. There is a deal of heroic giving. There is more of serious thinking. Most ministers are hit hard, but they are enduring hardship as good soldiers of Jesus Christ. A church always thrives where that Pauline spirit prevails."



Soviet photograph

"God to the Discard"

So runs the legend on the banner in an antireligious pageant in Smolensk, Russia. The Bolsheviks teach that religion is an opiate for the people. It is anything but that here.



Acme

"May the Day Soon Come" for "Heart-to-Heart Talks Rather Than Sword and Cannon"

Say Japanese Christian students to Chinese Christian students. Here Japanese marines are shelling Chinese positions near Shanghai.

Chinese and Japanese Christians Holding Out the Olive Branch

EVERYBODY REMEMBERS HOW, during the World War, all the nations prayed to God to help them kill each other.

The Allies, in their various tongues, besought Him to bless their arms against the Germans and Austrians.

The Central Powers petitioned Him to improve their marksmanship against the Allies. Both sides forgot Him at Versailles.

Native Christians in China and Japan go about it differently. They remember the words of Jesus. Instead of calling on God to curse each other, they are holding out the olive branch to one another.

Perhaps it is an answer to those who question the value of missionary effort in the Far East.

The Women's Peace Association in Japan, writes T. T. Brumbaugh in *The Christian Century* (Undenominational), has address to the Y. W. C. A., the W. C. T. U., the Women's National Council, and the Women's Suffrage League in China a resolution saying:

"We, the members of the Women's Peace Association in Japan, are burdened with agonizing grief over the present rupture between your country and ours. . . . In so far as there is truth in the reports of the unfortunate events which have occurred in your country through the faults of our people, we are ready to ask your forgiveness, and we trust that you are willing to take the same attitude toward us."

IN spite of obstacles placed in the way of the petition, it was signed by 200,000 women.

A similar charitable spirit is displayed in China. The Foochow Christian Student Union sent a letter, E. M. Stowe tells us in *Zion's Herald* (Methodist), to Christian students in Japan. It was at the time of the invasion of Manchuria, when there was fear that a general war might be precipitated. The Foochow students recited that the invasion had come on top of flood and famine. They discuss what should be done, and decided:

"It seemed to us, after earnest consideration and prayer, that we should support the movement for non-cooperation with Japan so that your militarists may be awakened from their dreams. This action is based on Christian love, for the purpose of opposing cruel war. We feel it must continue until such time as we reach a fundamental solution of the problem between Japan and China.

"We earnestly hope you fellow followers of Christ will endeavor

with us to overthrow imperialisms of all kinds and help establish freedom, equality, and love."

THE letter was circulated among Japanese students by Mr. Brumbaugh. In their reply the Japanese students call attention to the fact that their Chinese friends had not mentioned the antiforeign and anti-Japanese sentiment as "one of the chief causes of the trouble," or the internal disorder "making for ill relations" between China and other countries.

"Nevertheless," they write, "even tho we believe the recent military actions of our Government and armies in China are the results of these anti-Japanese movements, we as Christian students in Japan very much regret the situation. We know too well how terrible is war, and what an evil is the shedding of blood. We, along with the idealistic youth of all the world, are sick and tired of war." They conclude:

"Of course, we are loyal to our country, but we also bear in mind that we are fellow members of Society, the Universal Brotherhood, and we must love one another.

"Fundamentally, the only practical means of settling this and all other international problems is through the cooperation of each of us with all others, not only in politics, but from the more elemental point of view of economics. We Christian students know that religion without a just and fair economic foundation is only illusion. From this view-point we are convinced that we must all throw away our narrow national policies and seek to foster international friendship and cooperation.

"Altho our nationals are now engaged in a conflict, for the outbreak of which we students are not responsible, yet we Christian students of Japan desire to do our utmost to realize a just and fair solution of all these international difficulties, and, whatever the future may hold for us, we assure you, our Christian friends in China, that we shall not forget that the ties of Christian brotherhood should be stronger than national interests.

"In the spirit of Christ we also assure you that the day will come when we can meet together to discuss and to solve all our problems in friendly and peaceful fashion. We believe you also are doing the right thing in opposing the plans of the militarists of your country.

"May the day soon come when we Christians in China and Japan, with the courage of Christ, seek solutions of our problems through heart-to-heart talks rather than by sword and cannon."

IT is now proposed to connect individual students in these two groups for personal correspondence, writes Mr. Stowe. "Such a plan," he says "does not lend itself to flaming scare-heads, true enough, but it does not take much imagination to appreciate the significance of an influence that would lead to statements such as these in the midst of terrific emotional stress."

A College-Made Atheist

GREAT PREACHERS HAVE COME OUT of Harvard, but a graduate of 1928, who went there with the idea of entering the ministry, came out lost to religion.

The story is of the institution endowed by an English clergyman, but it might have been of any of the large universities of the country in which ancient religious concepts and doctrines find little place alongside modern scientific instruction. Whether they make atheists of their graduates is another question, tho it is commonly charged that some of them do. Yet God's name is heard in their chapels, and they still provide candidates for the ministry.

Whether Philip E. Wentworth's experience is typical is also another question. Queen Victoria had been dead but five years at his advent into life, and her spirit was the tutelary genius of his childhood and youth. He was accustomed to family prayer, and his belief in God and the Presbyterian doctrine, including predestination, was unwavering when he was ready for college, he tells us in *The Atlantic Monthly*. He was destined for the Presbyterian ministry, and the fact gladdened the heart of his family and local minister.

He decided to go to Harvard, and insisted against the advice of his minister, who was afraid of what actually happened.

The change, Mr. Wentworth writes, was first brought home to him in the study of history. "All events in history were manifestations of cause and effect operating upon the natural level. The institutions of society evolved according to orderly processes. Religion was itself subject to these processes." In this orderly universe there was no place for a "wonder-working God. He would be an outlaw, unthinkable and impossible."

Life lost its meaning for the young student; he became desolate. He tried to rehabilitate his idea of God by setting Him up as the First Cause, the moving power behind natural law. But such a God was too remote, too inaccessible for the purposes of religion.

"I saw, too," writes Mr. Wentworth, "that the Modernists were troubled by these same difficulties. In their haste to strike up a compromise with the intellectuals, they were trying hard to make a self-respecting Deity out of the nebulous What-Is-It of Eddington and Millikan. It seemed to me that they had fallen between two stools. I studied philosophy and read further about this First Cause. Then I began to marvel at the disingenuousness of the human mind when, unable to imagine how the world began, but demanding some explanation of the inexplicable, it can arbitrarily select three letters from the alphabet and call *g-o-d* an answer. I preferred to think that we know more about such matters when we admit we know nothing than when we resort to such palpable self-deception."

Twisted out of his early belief, Mr. Wentworth gave up the idea of entering the ministry, and now, four years after his graduation, his ideas have undergone no important modification. The whole system of religious conceptions has lost its validity for him.

"College," he writes, "not only may, but often does, deprive a student of his religious convictions without giving him anything to take their place." As he sees it,

"Christianity, after all, is a composite of two elements: one purports to explain the nature of the world and man's relationship to the God who rules over it; the other prescribes a course of conduct the sanctions of which are derived from this relationship.

"The really serious dangers of skepticism become apparent when a student rejects the supernatural part of his religion and concludes that there are no valid reasons left for decent conduct. Robbed of standards, he is likely to adopt the easy ethics of business, which permit a man to do almost anything so long as it leads to success in money-making. This commercial point of view is rapidly becoming the real philosophy of the nation, as Mr. Adams brilliantly demonstrates in 'The Epic of America.'"

Tho he is an apostate, says Mr. Wentworth, it gives him no satisfaction to realize what a large number of young men and women wear the same label. But he sees no help for it. "The Church has lost its power to move us. Its conceptions seem as unreal to my generation as the gods of ancient Greece." He considers "the breakdown of Christianity" particularly unfortunate in America, "where our educators are so busy building new dormitories and thinking up new systems of instruction that they do not see how urgently the situation calls upon them to redefine the purposes for which their pedagogical machinery exists." He concludes:

"In so far as the colleges destroy religious faith without substituting a vital philosophy to take its place, they are turning loose upon the world young barbarians who have been freed from the discipline of the Church before they have learned how to discipline themselves. Perhaps this was what one of my least orthodox Harvard professors had in mind when he once said: 'There are only a few men in the world who have earned the right not to be Christians.'"

Now, this possessor of a sheepskin attributes his backsliding to Modernism and a college education, which have been used by others, too, to cover a multitude of sins. He cites Dr. Robert A. Millikan, the famous scientist, as one of the Modernists who find it difficult to accommodate God in the scientific view of the universe.

The simple fact is that Dr. Millikan doesn't. At the recent dedication of the University of Washington oceanographic laboratories, Dr. Millikan, as a dispatch to the *New York Times* quotes him, condemned a materialistic conception of the universe, and said that religion and science are not incompatible.

For Mr. Wentworth "to say that because he left his adolescent teachings in ruins he must needs lose his religion," comments *The Christian Register* (Unitarian), "is a pathetic admission of ignorance of the priority and permanence of religion and of failure to construct a new house of beliefs while the old one was falling down." And this liberal journal notes that—

"There were a dozen deeply religious and wise men in the Harvard faculty, apart from the theological school, who could have helped this young man out of his agonizing difficulty.

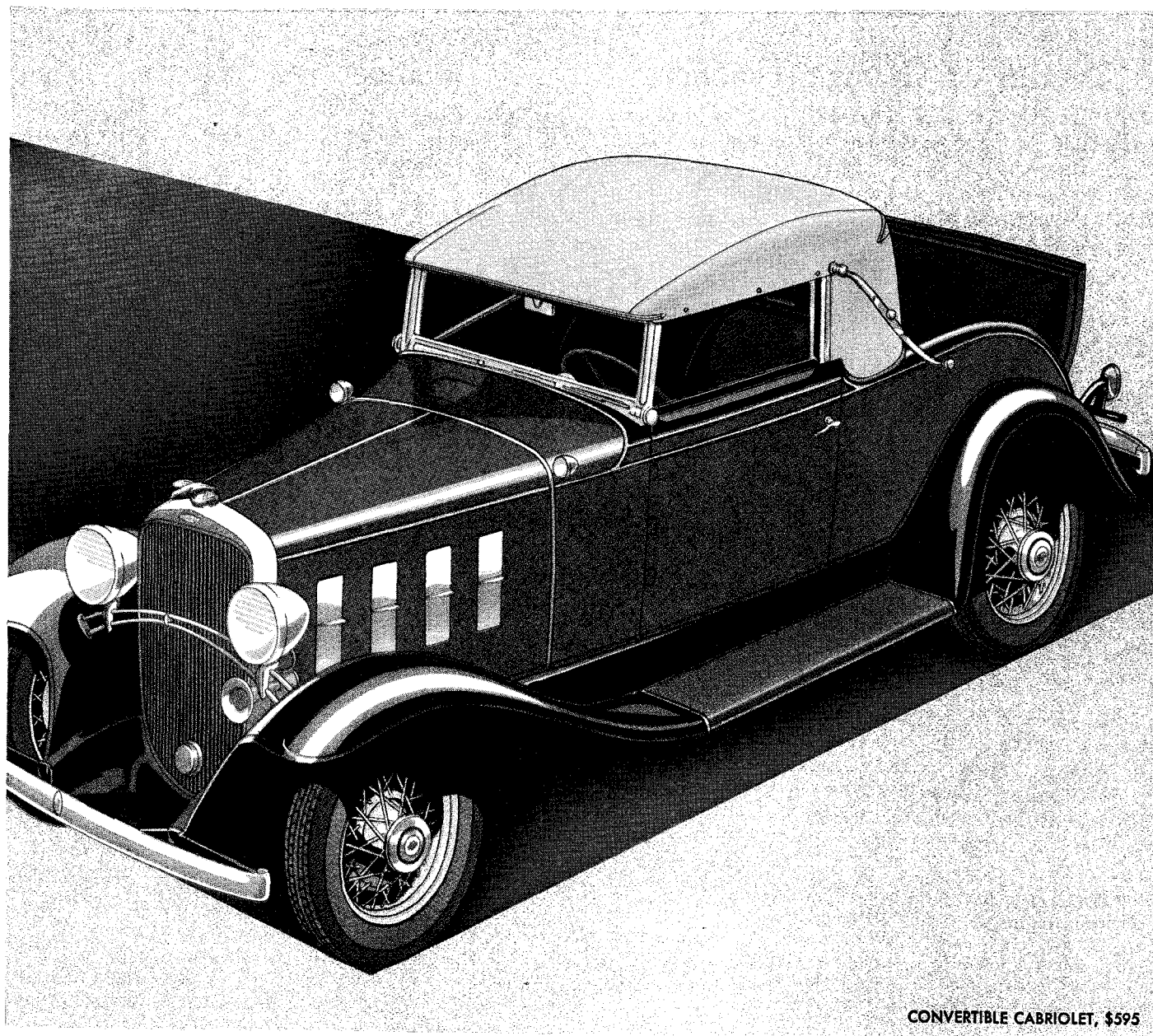
"He simply did not walk in the light. We have no sympathy whatever for his analysis of his experience. We think he does not understand either religion or himself.

"But we do feel deeply for his welfare, and we tell him that unsatisfactory as his article is, his own earnestness and his way of life are evidence enough for us that he has not lost his religion. We want to see him get his head straight on the meaning of religion. He can save himself."

AND others do not find the campus a hotbed of atheism. Tho he admits that "professors do not take for granted in these days the sanctity of the Church, the Bible, or the Republican party," and that "they have put the supernatural in the museum of historic relics," the Rev. James M. Yard Director of Religion at Northwestern University, does not find students becoming godless.

Writing in the *New York Christian Advocate* (Methodist), Mr. Yard says he agrees with Dr. Ernest F. Tittle, that "the interest of students to-day in religious, social, and political questions is greater—far greater—than ever," and "the students are feeling their way into a religion which will be in harmony and accord with the latest discoveries of science as to an ethical and social basis."

"They are turning away from agnosticism and negative things, and reaching out for faith," says Mr. Yard. "They are demanding a cause for which they can give their lives, and they are finding it as they dedicate their lives to the welfare of mankind in the fight against race hatred, militarism, and the paganism of our social and industrial life. As I see it, a growing number of them are 'getting' real religion."



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People have come to expect big things from Chevrolet, world's largest builder of passenger cars. But even Chevrolet's most enthusiastic admirers were surprised this year. For Chevrolet has accomplished a genuinely remarkable feat—built the finest car ever to bear the Chevrolet emblem, and reduced prices as much as \$55! To determine how fine the Chevrolet Six really is, you need look no further than the big Fisher bodies. Their smart new lines typify the modernity of all Chevrolet features. Their size, roominess, richness and

sturdiness are characteristic of the generosity displayed in building all parts of this car. Their exceptional comfort matches the riding and driving ease provided by the combination of Syncro-Mesh and Free Wheeling, and the multi-cylinder smoothness of the extremely economical Chevrolet engine. And their air of luxury perfectly portrays the *matchless quality* of this year's Chevrolet. This quality, you will find, underlies *all* Chevrolet features, which today include everything you *want* and *need* and are entitled to in a 1932 automobile.



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AS LOW AS **\$445** F.O.B. FLINT MICHIGAN

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Talkies as College Teachers

THE TALKING MOTION-PICTURE is to be prest into service as part of the teaching equipment of the University of Chicago.

The greatest dramas of life, obscured now in text-books and the minds of educators, will be staged on the screen under a new educational plan announced by Robert Maynard Hutchins, president of the University.

Says the *Chicago Tribune* in a description of the plan:

"Consider the possibilities of:

"The excavation of a Pharaoh's tomb going on before your eyes, with the voice of Breasted leading you through the priceless relics of early man.

"The life span of a plant pictured in a few minutes, with a distinguished botanist describing its growth.

"The moon and Mars and the other planets and the stars paraded on the screen, with Professor Frost guiding you through the heavens.

"The velocity of light measured on the screen. The death of Michelson has cheated the world out of hearing him describe his experiment, but this very loss bears testimony to the value of the new plan."

THESE possibilities and many others will become realities shortly, it was disclosed by President Hutchins. The pictures go into production immediately, and by fall it is hoped that a series of twenty films carrying lessons in the physical sciences will be ready. Moreover:

"They will be incorporated into the new educational plan at the University of Chicago, being presented for the first time to the present freshman class. But more than that, they will be available at nominal cost to any educational institution in the world.

"Costly and tedious experiments, now conducted in classrooms with limited attendances, may be shown in the smallest institutions as well as the largest.

"President Hutchins made it plain that the university is not entering the theatrical business.

"Neither are we trying to jazz up education," he said. "We have conceived the value of this sort of teaching, and we plan to experiment with the talking motion-picture. It will not be a substitute for other work; rather, it will be an important addition to the educational scheme."

"Altho the first object of the university is to obtain the pictures for use in their own regular courses, President Hutchins expressed the hope that many other institutions will use them in their courses. The pictures will be distributed with supplemental written material for classroom use.

"We don't intend in any sense to supplant the faculty, or to do away with personal teaching," Mr. Hutchins said. "Each film will require perhaps ten minutes to show, so that only a part of a class period will be taken up in this manner, leaving time for lectures and discussion."

The cost of the films to an outside institution has not been fixed, but it is expected that the first twenty films, with full equipment for projection, will be obtainable at \$1,450.

"Perhaps the major use of talking motion-pictures in the plan will be in the presentation of laboratory experiments.

"Dr. Harvey B. Lemon, Professor of Physics, said that the experiments could be produced in motion-pictures with better clarity than in the classroom.

"Such an experiment in the physical science course as 'the dance of the molecules'—the thermal agitation of molecular action—must now be demonstrated to each student, who observes through an ultra-microscope the action of colloidal particles," Dr. Lemon said.

"Failure of delicate experiments, such as those, for example, which depend upon exact temperature and humidity conditions, will be eliminated."

22

Radioactive Waters

DR. JACOB GUTMAN, Director of the Brooklyn Diagnostic Institute, New York, a member of the American Therapeutic Society, in a paper on "Radium Emanation as an Internal Remedy," read before the society's annual meeting at Baltimore, declared that the recent death of Eben M. Byers has created more discussion and consternation

than any other radium casualty, and has resulted in warnings from various sources to discontinue the use of radioactive waters.

"Even the United States Government, which owns Hot Springs of Arkansas, the richest radioactive springs in the country, yearly patronized by about 300,000 people," said Dr. Gutman, "has had its attention called to the possibility of causing the patrons of its springs more harm than good; and lately Senator Copeland of New York, an eminent physician, in open Congress demanded a thorough investigation, and requested the appointment of a committee of scientists to establish the action and dangers, if any, of all radioactive waters."

DR. GUTMAN described his work with radium dating back to 1910. He said that many of the proposed methods and apparatus devised for the application of internal radium therapy had been found useless, or quite impractical, or too expensive; "and some really dangerous." He had always hesitated, because of the physical characteristics of the element, to use radium in solution, and had refrained from prescribing waters "radioitized," or charged with radium emanation, until he found two years ago an apparatus which charges liquids with radium emanation without the possibility of radium ele-

ment in the form of a salt coming into contact with the fluid. With this apparatus Dr. Gutman tried on himself the effects of radioactive waters and, during the past two years, had treated some thirty patients. To quote further:

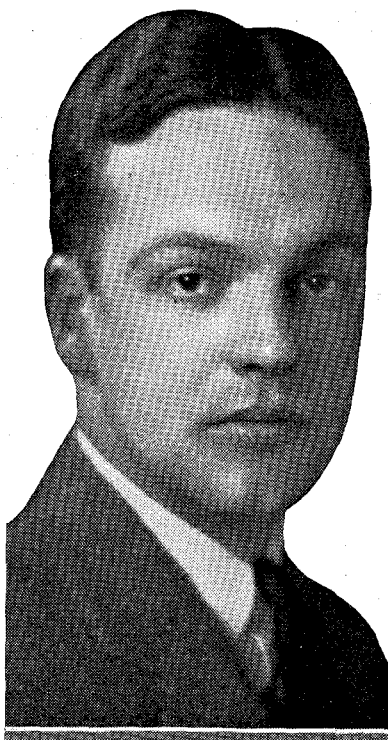
"The energizing and ionizing forces of the alpha rays of radium emanation have, in the opinion of Dr. Gutman, an important place in internal therapy; but he emphasized the point of view that a great deal of research is still required.

"Present general condemnation of radium is due, in the opinion of Dr. Gutman, to lack of real knowledge concerning its properties and potencies, and to a failure to distinguish between radium emanation, 'the important constituent of radioactive waters useful in medical cases,' and radium salts in solution.

"A most diligent search of medical literature for casualties definitely connected with the drinking of radioactive waters of springs or water charged with emanation only, declared Dr. Gutman, fails to show any such casualties. All the reported cases with fatal consequences, he said, are associated with radium salts in solution, as in the case of Byers and the watch-dial painters.

"Dr. Gutman referred to very recent work of Dr. Frederick B. Flinn, of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia University, on himself and others, proving that almost 90 per cent. of the radium emanation is eliminated through the lungs within an hour or two after it is imbibed in a radioactive water, and that after five hours not a sign of radioactivity is found in the breath.

"Characterizing as 'very convincing evidence' the research of Dr. Roger Monnery of Paris, to which Dr. Copeland also referred in the U. S. Senate, Dr. Gutman said that his experience in treating similar cases of gout and arthritis with radium emanation had coincided with Monnery's results. For centuries chronic rheumatism has been treated at the springs by radioactive waters, Dr. Gutman said, and European medical literature is filled with reports by distinguished authorities who favor radioactive therapy in arthritis."



Steffens, Chicago

To Teach With Talkies

President Robert Maynard Hutchins, of the University of Chicago.

Brain-Injuries at Birth

THOUSANDS OF CHILDREN have been handicapped as the result of injury to the brain at birth.

Dr. Earl R. Carlson of the Neurological Institute of New York holds out hope for these.

Very frequently small hemorrhages appear in the brain which damage it so that the child is incapacitated for life. Children thus injured are often bright, but they are frequently considered feeble-minded, and have been neglected, and often sent to institutions. We read in a bulletin by Miss C. H. Stem, sent out by the Neurological Institute:

"Often speech is difficult or almost impossible; the head can not be held erect, and the gestures are uncontrolled. The movements are greatly exaggerated; in reaching for an object the arm will wander aimlessly.

"It is a condition similar to that which the stutterer experiences, except that with the latter the spasm is limited only to the muscles controlling speech, whereas with the birth-injured, every muscle of the body may be involved.

"Just as the stutterer is apprehensive in talking, so the birth-injured child is anticipatory in his movements. When the command for action is flashed along the telephone switchboard of the child's mind, it can not be carried out because of a breakdown somewhere along the line."

THE birth-injured group embraces a wide variety of conditions, we are told, and, altho among them are hopeless cases, there are also a large number laboring under muscular handicaps as described. Further:

"Here there is little or no mental disturbance, and a possibility of obtaining extremely good results if proper treatment is instituted, preferably at an early age. The essential factor to be determined is whether the disease is progressive, and whether any degree of mentality is present. Evidence that the disease is progressive places the case beyond the reach of effective training, and a profound degree of mental defectiveness excludes the case, because there is no undamaged residue with which to work.

"In the case of the blind, the lame, the deaf, and the dumb, compensating factors are readily determined. Such people are capable of average normal education, and can become socially useful if they are guided into activities suitable to their abilities. In the case of the birth-injured, however, the tendency is to overrate the handicap and to undervalue the undamaged material. The grimaces and drooling often seen in these patients frequently lead to their being considered feeble-minded. Such a condition should be no more of an indication of mental defect than when the disturbance is limited to a leg or foot muscle.

"Dr. Carlson, himself a victim of a birth-injury, has achieved remarkable results in training children to conquer their affliction as he mastered his own. In his clinic and studies at the Neurological Institute, he not only teaches mental and muscle control to children afflicted as he was, but is devoting much time to further research into the nature of these distressing disorders.

"Medicine and surgery had found no cure and very little relief for this type of disability until, with unbelievable courage, a boy alone in the world fought his battle against almost unsurmountable physical odds, and won. When he was in his early teens both of Earl Carlson's parents died, and he was left entirely alone. With indomitable will and intelligence, he managed to continue with his education, and graduated from high school, and later got his Bachelor's and Master's degrees. In Princeton University, where he was librarian in the Department of Biology, he met a professor who suggested that he see a brain surgeon in Baltimore, in the hope that an operation might help his condition. The physician noted that Dr. Carlson had done more for himself than medicine or surgery had accomplished in similar cases, and advised him to study medicine and train others. Through friends he was able to enter Yale Medical School, and graduated.

"In the eight months of his association with the Neurological Institute, encouraging results have been achieved. The earlier in the life history of a child the process of reeducation is started the more can be accomplished. Only through repeated trials and determination to surmount shortcomings can the patient gain confidence and gradually develop increasing muscular dexterity. In the short period that the general clinic has been functioning, hope has been brought to a girl of eighteen and a young man of twenty-one, and enabled them both to find their place in the community. There are many other cases in which equally gratifying results have been achieved."

What Footprints Show

TO THE EYE OF THE PRACTISED detective, they reveal many things about the person that made them, and also about his actions and feelings as he walked.

In *Detective* (Paris), Edmond Locard, director of the Police Laboratory of Lyons, France, explains these matters at some length, in an article of which we quote some of the chief features.

Writes Mr. Locard:

"The study of footprints enables us not only to identify the foot or its covering, it enables us to distinguish and recognize the gait of the man. We can tell by the prints, whether the one who made them was standing upright, walking, running, or walking backward. And, besides, they may give indications of age, sex, profession, or diseased condition. Finally, we may sometimes discern signs of attempts at deception.

"Of two equally agile men, the taller will take the longer steps,



From *Detective* (Paris)

His Footprints Tell More Than He Thinks

and we may conclude that of two parallel tracks, that which shows the greater number of footprints in the same distance is that of the shorter person—supposing that the two were walking together, that is, with the same speed.

"The question whether the right-hand step is equal to the left has often been discust. Gilles de la Tourette is sure that the right step is the longer. He explains this by the stronger muscles of the right leg.

"I may say that, in experimenting on various persons, and on myself, I have obtained results that are altogether opposed to this. Almost constantly I have found the left steps the longer.

"It has been asserted that an escaping criminal, even on a road, tends to turn toward the right. It has also been said that a man lost in the woods will walk in a circle. Possibly. I know personally that, experimenting in La Crau, I described a large arc of a circle, and toward the right.

"In walking backward, the footprints are irregular, because of the uncertain stability. In walking sideways the angle of each foot is situated—one before, the other behind, the line of progress.

"When a person walking normally looks back—for example to see whether he is followed—he always pivots on the foot opposite to the side toward which he turns his head. This is very evident in the footprint, and it is perhaps not devoid of interest.

"In running, the foot is prest down more energetically and for a briefer time, and this effect is proportional to the speed. Persons who run frequently place the whole sole of the foot on the ground evenly. Those who run only occasionally touch only the front of the sole, and there is no heel-print at all.

"The footprint differs in woman, man, and child. The size and form of the shoe usually leave nothing in doubt. On the other hand, the length of step reveals the age, in a certain degree.

"Horsemen walk with legs apart and feet parallel. The same, in extreme form, is observed with sailors. Officers who often wear sabers when walking have a characteristic lateral motion of the left leg, with the toe turned inward.

"On the other hand, hunters, especially foresters, walk habitually with short steps. Long steps are characteristic of those accustomed to walk on roads.

"Finally, the ordinary man walks often with toes turned in and also takes short steps and walks with his feet fairly far apart."

Why Automobiles Have High Speeds

WHEN MOTORISTS ARE APPREHENDED for speeding, or when fast driving gets them into an even worse predicament, they defend their conduct on the ground that they should not have been given such fast cars if they were not expected to use the excess of speed.

The car manufacturer understands. He knows something of human nature and its tendency toward self-justification.

But, he does not think the defense in this case is a logical one. Moreover, he is convinced that, given an opportunity, he can make the car owner himself admit that fact. Writes William

Ullman in a feature article prepared by the Ullman Feature Service (Washington):

"No passenger automobiles made to-day have a maximum speed of under 60 miles an hour.

"It is one of the proudest achievements of car makers. They stress it in their advertising.

"But that does not mean that they are ignorant of the fact that two-thirds of the States of the Union still have specified maximum speed limits of 45 miles an hour or less. Nor does it imply any subversive reflection upon the wisdom of legislators who enact such laws.

"Stated succinctly, the car buyer is given an automobile that will make from 60 to 90 miles an hour, so that he will have one that will cruise at speeds of 45 to 55 miles an hour smoothly, silently, comfortably, and safely.

"There are times—and the occasion when speeds is discut is one of them—when the producers of automobiles wish the average man had a little sounder engineering education. Were this true, it is

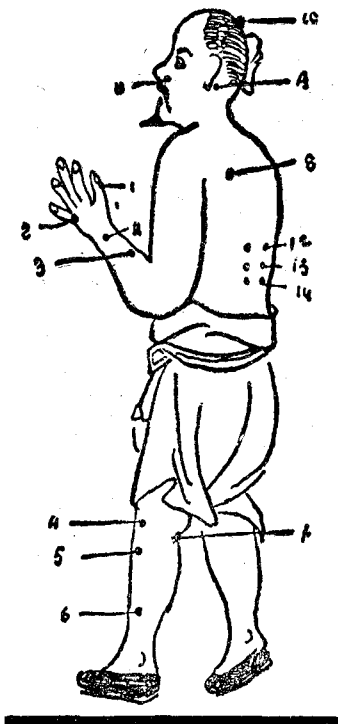
felt that he would then understand that there is a positive relationship between various aspects of the performance of any machine."

MOTOR-CAR makers, says Mr. Ullman, have to dip back only a decade to dig up evidence of the importance of a high maximum speed in their cars. Ten years ago, the average maximum speed of small cars was somewhere between 40 and 45 miles an hour. It did not take much use and just a little typically bad maintenance to reduce this to 35 to 38 miles an hour. Only the largest cars were capable of 60 miles an hour, and not all of these would reach it.

The price the motorist paid was that his average highway speed was 28 miles an hour. Forty on the open road was something to tell about, even if maintained for only a short stretch. Twenty-five miles in one hour was excellent performance on the motor tour, especially in one of the smaller makes of cars of that era. The writer goes on:

"It was because these were the natural cruising speeds of the automobiles of the time. At the maximum speed the motorist was required to put up with a noise that he found intolerable, a great discomfort and a sense that safety was not what it should be.

"All these have disappeared, and the result is that the average motorist cruises along the open highway to-day at an average top speed of 45 miles an hour. It is no feat of skill to cover 35 miles distance in sixty minutes, and 38 is not unusual on many well-known stretches of highway.



The Pin-Prick Cure

Some of the points where a jab with a needle is said to cure disease.

"Indirectly, however, every automobile driver is making constant use of his car's maximum speed. Were it lower, his acceleration under ordinary conditions would be lower. He would not be able to spurt from 10 to 30 miles an hour in traffic in an average time of around five seconds using second gear. He would not be able to climb hills with no loss of speed at a rate of 40 miles an hour or higher.

"Nor, especially, would he be able to cruise in safety, comfort, and silence at speeds of 45 to 55 miles an hour on the open road.

"A high top speed is essential to all these other speeds. The motor-car manufacturer wishes that point were realized on a general scale."

A Trolley Ferry-Boat

AN experiment in marine transportation—a ferry-boat that runs on a trolley-wire—has just been made on the Sacramento River in California.

This ferry has operated for a month at a cost of approximately one-half that incurred with the old gasoline-engine-powered craft.

Since the Sacramento is navigable, it was found necessary to drop the trolley-wire to the river bed whenever up-stream or down-stream traffic required the right of way, and the ingenuity of the engineers was taxed to find a way of avoiding the resulting short circuit. Says a press account:

"The traditional drive for road-ferries such as this one has always been a gasoline engine, and this is believed to be the first electrically driven road-ferry ever put into operation.

"The new installation is distinctive in that the up-river cable by which it hauls itself across the river also acts as the trolley-wire supplying power for a single-phase motor. The problem of the application engineers was complicated by the fact that the cable had to be dropt to the bottom of the river in order to permit river traffic to pass up and down. A trolley-wire must be bare for a trolley wheel to make contact with it, but if such a cable touched the water while carrying current, it would be immediately short-circuited. The General Electric engineers insulated the cable at each end with a device which automatically shuts off the current when the cables are lowered to the water.

"The speed of the boat is approximately 180 feet per minute, and the crossing at this stage of the river elevation is made in about two minutes. The ferry handles twelve cars. The industrial-accident commission and the railroad commission of California have given their approval of the complete installation, which is being watched with interest by ferry operators."

The Pin-Prick Cure

ALTHO acupuncture is no more than pricking with a needle, its healing effects among the Chinese have bewildered the western world for centuries. The "needle" may be no more than an ordinary copper wire sharpened at the point. No drug is used.

Physicians who suspect that imagination or suggestion explains the "cures" effected by acupuncture are admonished to revise their views by Dr. George Soulié de Morant in the *Mercur de France* (Paris). With the active aid of Dr. Paul Ferreyrolles, he asserts that he has established the following conclusions regarding results actually obtained:

"Immediate cessation of violent sciatic pains or facial neuralgias against which all previous treatments availed nothing.

"Asthmatic agonies ceased in a few moments.

"Spasmodic coryza underwent long periods of suspension.

"Hemorrhoids yielded to the treatment.

"Gastric pains were at once eased.

"Constipation and incontinence due to bladder conditions were cured."

A direct relation, Dr. Soulié tells us, seems to exist between the site of the puncture and the organ to be affected. The Chinese have their acupuncture experts who claim to know the lines of communication between the site of any given puncture and the bodily organ reacting to it. Granting that failures occur in some cases, the larger number of successes, the Paris doctor believes, would indicate a field of exploration which the western world ought not longer to neglect or to disparage.

IF THERE WERE ONLY TWO TELEPHONES IN YOUR TOWN



IF THERE were only two telephones in your town the fortunate possessors would probably put them on pedestals in the most prominent places in their homes. Neighbors would flock to see them. Children would clamor to touch them. Bolder ones would lift the receiver to hear the magic voice—then hang up suddenly in bewilderment.

Because the telephone is in millions of homes and offices and is so much a part of our daily lives, it is not regarded with this strange awe. Yet the miracle of it is no less real. The magic of it no less powerful.



At any hour of the day or night you can talk to almost anybody, anywhere—to far countries and to ships at sea. The first wonder is that you can talk to folks around the corner. The second wonder is that the service is so organized that you can talk to people in far away lands. The third wonder—perhaps the greatest of all—is that telephone service is so inexpensive.

Of all things purchased, there is none that costs so little and brings to you so much convenience, so much security and achievement as the telephone.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

The Danger of Underweight

IT MAKES YOUNG PEOPLE particularly susceptible to tuberculosis, says Arthur Hunter, of the New York Life Insurance Company.

In a letter to the *New York Times*, he tells how, during the performance of a musical comedy recently, he was greatly struck with the slimness, if not the thinness, of the girls in the chorus.

He also describes a recent play in which the leading lady was a living skeleton, and the next in line was nearly as fashionable. He goes on:

"Of course, I am aware that artifice plays a large part in producing the illusion of slimness. While I realize that the point of view of a middle-aged man with regard to the present standards of beauty is hardly worthy of consideration, and that the plump figures of the stage a generation ago cause laughter among the youngsters of to-day, a danger to health lies in the present fad.

"As an actuary I deal with people in groups as well as with individuals. We can not tell which individual will be affected by marked underweight, but we do know that on the whole it may have a serious effect on the population.

"It may be that the present generation, by a different method of living, is more immune to certain diseases than my generation was, but in my judgment the present fad makes it distinctly more susceptible to tuberculosis of the lungs.

"The death-rate from that disease has rapidly decreased in recent years, but it is still true that persons who are underweight are the most susceptible."

A striking sidelight of this vital subject was afforded when in 1913 a committee of the Actuarial Society of America and of the Association of Life Insurance Medical Directors published a volume, based upon a large mass of statistics, on the effect of weight on mortality. It revealed that:

"Among women the death-rate from tuberculosis of the lungs was about twice as high at the young as at the middle ages. A subdivision by weight was made among men and not among women, but the same general conclusion would undoubtedly apply to both sexes.

"It was found that those who were twenty-five or more pounds under the average weight had at least twice as high a mortality from tuberculosis as those who were of average weight or somewhat above it. The death-rate from tuberculosis among those markedly overweight was almost negligible. It may also be stated that the most favorable mortality from all causes among young persons was among those slightly above the average weight, and that the mortality was distinctly high among those who were markedly underweight. There are, of course, certain advantages of being underweight, but not at the younger ages."

Among persons distinctly under the average weight with a family record of tuberculosis the matter of underweight is still more serious, Mr. Hunter asserts. In another volume of the same investigation, where 320,000 cases were studied, a very high death-rate was shown at the younger ages at entry among persons underweight. Over one-half of the total deaths among these younger folks were from tuberculosis. He then adds:

"More recent statistics than those of 1913 have been prepared and will shortly be published. They indicate for 350,000 cases the same general trend of a high death-rate from tuberculosis of the lungs among lightweight young persons, whether with or without a family history of tuberculosis. A weight slightly above the average is apparently an offset to a family record of tuberculosis.

"The effect of underweight is obscured by the general reduction in the death-rate from tuberculosis from year to year due to more scientific treatment of the scourge and a better knowledge with regard to prevention.

"Were it not for the fad of youthful slimness, there is little doubt that the rate of mortality from tuberculosis would be even lower than it is.

"It should not be assumed that I am advising young men and women to conform to a certain type of build. It may be that you are an individual type which is the result of a racial or family inheritance. Accordingly, it may be unwise to attempt to increase or decrease your natural weight.

"Striving to become slim, however, in order to conform to a passing fashion may result in a higher death-rate among the mass of people so influenced."

Cold Feet

THEY ARE OFTENER A RESULT of disease or temperament than of exposure, says a writer in the hygienic page of *Gringoire* (Paris), signing himself "Doctor Gamma."

Look at the modern woman, with her silk stockings and low shoes! Her grandmother wore woollens and fur-lined foot-wear. Keeping one's feet warm is largely an affair of exercise and good circulation.

Poor circulation and tight uniforms froze many feet in the trenches during the war, he asserts. We read:

"These silk stockings, these low shoes that the girls—not to mention their elders—insist on wearing in all weathers—what an absurd fashion! This is what the ladies with the green hats say, and for once the hygienists are forced to agree with them. The hygienist foresees rhino-pharyngitis, sinus trouble, bronchial catarrh, enteritis. Mercy! Don't you shiver with fear? No; nor with cold either. Are these maladies really more common among women than men?

"Not especially; we must admit it, even at the cost of disbelieving in hygiene. And even in the most unfavorable weather this absurd fashion does not congest the waiting-rooms of the doctors. Must we doubt the future of the profession?

"Let us consider the evidence. Cold feet favor infections and congestions. True. Remember the experiment of Pasteur, who brought on cholera with chickens (they did not wear silk stockings) by keeping their feet in water. It has even been alleged that cold footbaths may cause nosebleed. But despite our low shoes, we have cold feet less than our grandmothers with their thick stockings, their fur-lined boots, and their hot soapstones when they went to bed.

"Custom works miracles. Such was the dictum of the good abbé, who used to take walks barefoot in the dewy grass. He died of it—on the day appointed by Providence. Exercise and a good circulation protect one from cold. And it was noticed during the war that frozen feet—often a serious matter—were due to bad circulation, tight clothes, shoes warped by the wet, quite as often as the frozen mud of the trenches.

"So low shoes are acquitted. How, then, is it that some people always complain of cold feet, no matter how warmly clad? These persons almost always have blue hands and feet, cold and moist. This may be due to disease of the heart or nerves, but it is oftener a symptom of a lymphatic temperament. Such persons, despite their woolen stockings and their rubbers, can not avoid cold extremities in winter. Nor colds, nor bowel troubles—for their feet are bathed constantly in perspiration, and their lot is as sad as that of Pasteur's chickens.

"What shall we do if we have come into the world with this little infirmity? Stamp our feet rather than hold them to the fire. Change our stockings often. Go barefoot in the house, or wear only light slippers. Replace warm baths by rubbing. And take cod-liver oil in the winter."

Continuous Subway Trains

SMALL cars hooked together as a continuous belt, with triple the capacity of present subways at two-thirds the cost, are visioned by Westinghouse engineers as the solution of the metropolitan traffic problem. Says a mail report of Science Service (Washington):

"Under this proposed system of transportation, revealed after several years of intensive research, there would be two continuous trains of cars, one express and one local. They would run parallel to each other with a stationary loading platform along the entire course. They could be placed underground or elevated.

"The local train would stop to allow entry of passengers, while the express moves continuously, having a maximum speed of twenty-two miles per hour. When the express slows down to seventeen miles per hour, the local will have attained the same speed. At a signal, gates on both trains open and passengers pass directly from the local train to the express which moves alongside it. There is no possibility, we are told, of anyone's falling under the trains. The major portion of the trip is made on the express. At the time of discharge, passengers transfer again to the local train. Stops every minute are so arranged that a passenger may be discharged never more than 300 feet from any desired point along the route."



TAKE COMMAND!



Push the button to a modern automatic elevator. You, at that moment, give an order for action which is transmitted instantly. The motor executes your command without a moment's delay. The car starts easily. It climbs smoothly, swiftly, silently. It stops at the exact level of your floor.

Note we say a *modern* elevator. This point is important. For it includes not only the fine new elevators, but also the older ones which have been modernized by Otis. Because Otis engineers have designed elevator improvements and inventions in a way to make them applicable to these older elevators, they can be modernized at low cost. They are often made to give the service and conveniences and comforts of an entirely new installation.

Here are some of the elevator improvements available under the Otis Modernization Plan: The

self-leveling device which automatically seeks the exact level of the landing and without jerk or jar. The signal-control system which never disobeys an order or forgets to stop at your floor. Automatic door openers and closers which handle the doors smoothly and quietly. Cars and fixtures and finishes in the modern manner. These and many, many others.

These are modern days and an antiquated elevator is as much behind the times as a horse and buggy. An out-of-date elevator cannot possibly give you the service you deserve. If you have old elevators in the building where you live or work, suggest to the owner that he call in Otis and secure a survey. It will tell just what the elevators need to bring them up to date. This service is free.

OTIS ELEVATOR COMPANY

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Sailing Round the Globe at a Dollar a Mile

PERFECT SOLITUDE COMES HIGH, but the philosophical circumnavigator must have it.

Hence the stiff price of \$32,000 for the austere privilege of sailing 30,000 miles and doing all the chores yourself.

Not lolling in a deck-chair, mark you, or playing bridge in the smoke-room, or feasting delicately in the palm-room, but toiling in dungarees at the combined jobs of captain, crew, purser, chief steward, bedroom steward, dining-room steward, bo'sun, lookout, midshipmate, quartermaster, and cook.

Having to step lively, too, once in a while!

That was the order of things on a four-year voyage just completed by Edward Miles, of Memphis, Tennessee, who returns to New York harbor, his starting-place, with a tan like a mahogany plank, a matured faith in human brotherhood, and an obedient wife.

The wife he found and married in Mexico, tho she was a native of Austria. Being really obedient, she didn't come rolling up from the Gulf with him, as she wished, or thought she wished, but came much more quickly and smoothly by rail, and waited to welcome him in an up-town apartment.

She forgave him completely for being so wedded to his solitude that he would not break his lonesomeness, even for the most obedient of wives, on the last leg of his Odyssey.

A conscientious tourist is Cap'n Ed Miles. When, with the whole Pacific behind him, he reached San Francisco, and was having a good time there, it suddenly occurred to him that he had neglected to visit one of the ports of call named

in the sailing orders he had issued to himself. Yes, drat it, he had clean forgotten Honolulu. So what did Cap'n Ed do but turn back on his tracks and steer southeastward for the Hawaiian Islands!

And then there was the time he came back from the Red Sea, where he had played "boy stood on the burning deck," and built a second schooner to resume the voyage where the first one had perished.

Such patience and sticktoitiveness deserved better luck than awaited the circumnavigator in his home port. As the New York *Herald Tribune* tells it:

Edward Miles, sailor, shipbuilder, and philosopher, completing the first one-man cruise around the world in an easterly direction yesterday, was stopt three-quarters of a mile from his goal by the same sand-bar in Gravesend Bay which delayed his departure four years ago.

Miles came up the bay in his thirty-seven-foot schooner, *Sturdy II*, while his brother members of the Pilgrim Yacht Club, at the foot of Bay Forty-fifth Street, Brooklyn, waited with flags waving and horns tooting for his arrival. Suddenly his progress

ceased, and after surmising the trouble, Commodore John N. Crane, of the club, went to his rescue in a motor-launch.

"Doggone that bar," said the mariner, as he landed amid the cheers of the club members, "I got stuck on it goin' out four years ago, and I believe it was waitin' for me to come back."

Miles did not return in the same boat in which he started. He began with the *Sturdy* which was pushed off the sand-bar by the reporters who gathered to see him off, and he returned in the *Sturdy II*. The first boat was consumed by fire while Miles was cruising down the Red Sea on October 12, 1929. He escaped by rowing to the lighthouse on Raf Rifa, and immediately returned home and built the *Sturdy II*, a duplicate of its predecessor.

MILES had "long held the idea that all the world was the same, that the real people of every nation were pretty much alike," says a New York *Times* account, which runs on:

So four years ago, being fifty years old, independent financially, and of a forward turn of mind, he set out to determine if his convictions were true.

He traveled alone in a 37-foot schooner, and yesterday, having circumnavigated the globe, calling at nearly every port listed in his childhood geography, and many that were not, he returned more than ever convinced of the truth of his idea.

Tanned and bitten by months of sea wind, he tacked his little craft carefully into the government quarantine dock on Staten Island, underwent passport and customs examination, and told about his trip and his discoveries.

Mr. Miles believes that international hatred and suspicion are engendered by the wrong type of tourists, the "blow-hards, the hot-air merchants." Having found in his travels that the common people of any nation do not realize that there are people just like them in other countries, he

concluded that if the more sensible people could be induced to travel there would be no need of armies, of disarmament conferences, of statesmen, and politicians.

Mr. Miles believes in his idea. In making his way around the world he would stop over for months at a time to visit unfrequented towns and villages on the by-ways of travel. And he could return a happy man, he said, because he had found for himself that there was more good than bad in any nation, and that the only trouble was "the bad ones make a lot of noise."

THE cruise was fraught with obstacles for Miles, who was bent on completing it without having any one else in the boat, and without employing any energy or finances except those provided by himself, according to *The Herald Tribune*, which explains:

People were always seeking to ride with him, and he was continually being accused of being underwritten by railroads, moving-picture companies, and the United States Navy.

"What's the matter with people nowadays, anyhow?" he asked. "Everybody thinks no matter what you do it's honey-combed with graft. I spent all my own money, \$32,000, on this trip, and I never went near the Navy, because people would say the sailors were helping me."



International

Cap'n Ed's Schooner and Cap'n Ed Himself

Buying a Blind Railway Ticket for a Hidden Paradise

WHERE is the train bound for? You don't know, but you step on board and make yourself comfortable.

You've been saved all the bother of making up your mind where you shall go for a jolly excursion and change of air.

The railway has made up your mind for you. But it isn't going to tell you about it till you get there.

"Mystery excursions, where the destination is unknown, and mystery, romance, adventure, education and diversion are featured," says *The Railway Age*, "demonstrated strong popular appeal when operated out of St. Louis, Missouri, by the Missouri Pacific on May 21; out of Chicago by the Baltimore & Ohio on May 22, and out of Cincinnati, Ohio, by the Southern on May 30." Reading on:

These mystery train tours, similar to those recently operated in Great Britain, are designed to appeal to the prospective passengers, by offering the thrill of setting out for an unknown destination.

Only the hours of departure and return are published, and even the train crew is under sealed orders. To emphasize the imaginative appeal of these excursions, they are advertised by such statements as:

"Your destination's a secret."

"Your engineer's under sealed orders."

"Your comfortable train has a blind date with a big blue lake and luxurious hotel—and that's all anybody knows."

The Southern, in advertising its first mystery tour, further hinted at the full program of entertainment which is an integral feature of the trips—the announcement of the Cincinnati excursion, described as being "particularly for those who like the birds, flowers, rivers and wide-open spaces," also said: "There will be a railroad ride of 200 miles; there will be an automobile trip of fifty miles; there will be an orchestra; there will be a chicken dinner."

Results of these tours to date have been highly satisfactory.

The excursion operated by the Missouri Pacific from St. Louis to Arcadia, 92 miles, drew only fifty reservations, but 450 passengers appeared at train time. The round-trip fare was \$2.50, as compared with the regular round-trip excursion rate of \$3.65, and included a barbecue at Arcadia.

The Baltimore & Ohio tour from Chicago to Lake Wawasee, Indiana, 120 miles, drew 130 passengers on a cold day. A charge of \$5 covered all expenses, including the rail fare, which is normally \$4.31 for the round trip; sports, and dancing; two meals, and the use of hotel rooms.

Dancing lasted until 2 A. M., after which the patrons were returned to Chicago in chair cars, arriving at 7 A. M. on May 23.

The Southern's excursion from Cincinnati proved so popular that 600 tickets had been sold two days before the event, while later reports indicate that the trip was finally patronized by 2,000 people. The cost of \$1.75 paid for a railroad ride of 200 miles to High Bridge, Kentucky, and return; an automobile trip of fifty miles to Big Springs; dancing, and a chicken dinner. The train left Cincinnati at 1 P. M. and returned at 11:30 P. M. the same day.

The Southern has scheduled a second mystery tour, to be operated out of Washington, D. C., the results of which will be reported.

It's easy to see that INGRAM SHAVES are COOL!



THE 2 INGRAM BARBERS • TERRY TUBE OR JERRY JAR

IT'S plainer than the Big Dipper! Ingram shaves are as cool as a flight between Venus and the Moon! For here is a shaving cream that is comfortable and quick and, above all,

cool! Cool!! COOL!!!

Ingram's is different from any shaving cream ever made upon this revolving planet. It's a blessing and a benison upon the harassed cheek of man.

It's the one shaving cream designed for the *comfort* of shavers!

The tube is handier. The jar is more economical. But both contain the same

cool cream that acts like a soap, a lotion and a tonic all in one.

The thrill of your first Ingram shave is a high spot. So we've put a coupon on the bottom of this page that entitles you to ten of the coolest shaves you ever had—for a 2-cent stamp! Clip it out and send it in.

Or better still—leave it where it is. It's simpler and easier to march into your druggist's and ask him for a tube or jar of Ingram's. You'll save time and trouble and what a shaving cream you'll get!

INGRAM'S Shaving Cream

**IN TUBES
OR JARS!**



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., DEPT. F-72
110 Washington St.
New York, N. Y.
I'd like to try ten cool Ingram shaves.
I enclose a 2-cent stamp.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

Finding Hot-Water Fish in Death Valley

"OUCH!" YELLED THE BATHER. "Stop it! You tickle!"

A bathtub is only a bath. But a hot spring that has cooled down a bit is a superbath when you find it in a desert region where bathing facilities are few and far between.

So our bather thought when he reached Tecopa Hot Spring



Photographs by John E. Hogg. Courtesy of Nature Magazine

You Mustn't Wet Your Feet at Hot-Water Fishing

in the region of California's Death Valley. But presently he was wondering if he weren't in hotter water than he'd bargained for.

The gentleman in Mother Nature's bathtub is given no name by John Edwin Hogg, who tells the story in *Nature Magazine*. But we suspect that he was none other than Mr. Hogg himself, who figures prominently in the adventures that follow.

He avoided two large streams of hot water that flowed out from beneath a malpais hill. These were scalding hot. He followed them as they cascaded down a slope until he came to a pool where the temperature was between 110 and 116 degrees. Here, says Mr. Hogg, "is an ideal hot bath in water so heavily charged with borax that soap is superfluous."

So, off with clothes and into the water. The shock of so sizzling a plunge occupied the bather, whoever he was, for a moment or two.

Then he became aware of a sensation strange to any previous bath in his experience. The feeling of "numerous tiny creatures nibbling at his fingers and toes."

SUSPECTING "leeches, or something equally unpleasant," he was surprised to find that "the nibblers were dozens of little fishes whose nibbling was quite harmless and apparently inspired by nothing other than piscatorial curiosity."

Fishes living in hot water! Yes, indeed. Mr. Hogg has been traveling through Nevada, California, and Lower California studying them. He has them in his own home as pets.

He has studied them in an aquarium in San Francisco. And now he tells us of his adventures with them, and of how they cleverly duck a continuous cooking in one of Dame Nature's stew-pans.

His first experience with these tiny creatures (they're really hardly out of the minnow class, one to two inches long) happened one winter day in northern Nevada.

A hundred miles north of Elko, winter had clamped down in earnest. The air temperature was below zero, but a hot spring that bubbled up between snow-banks was still doing business, and Mr. Hogg, whose hands were numb with cold, was glad to find it.

He removed his mittens, he tells us in *Nature Magazine*, and, "squatting at the edge of a stream flowing from one of the hot pools," he held his aching fingers "close to the water to absorb some of the welcome warmth."

Gazing down into the water between the clouds of steam that rose, he beheld the marvel of "small fishes swimming contentedly to and fro."

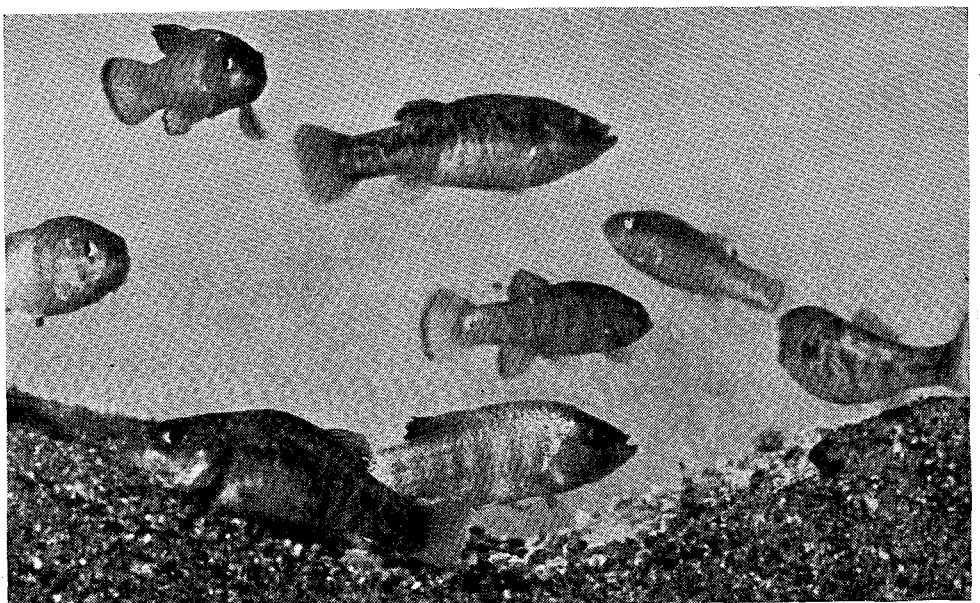
"Impossible!" was his first exclamation, for he had never heard of hot-water fish before. Yet there they were, as plain as day, and he had to accept the evidence of his own eyes. He carried a laboratory thermometer with him, and this he dug from his baggage. Fastening it to a long stick, he tells us, he "took the temperature of the water at the surface." Reading on:

It was 204 degrees. After lowering and raising the thermometer a number of times and at different points, I came to the conclusion that the water along the bottom of the stream was approximately 120 degrees. The hottest water, being expanded and relatively lighter, was all near the surface, this range allowing the fishes to select a temperature best suited to their own physical comfort. Later I learned that these fishes are killifishes of the genus *Lucania*.

On another desert trip in the Death Valley region I found the small killifishes, *Cyprinodon macularius*, that abound in Saratoga Spring, in the extreme southern end of Death Valley.

Later I told of these fishes to various groups of desert devotees in and about Los Angeles, only to be laughed right out of the conversation. The very thought of fishes in Death Valley, one of this continent's most infamous deserts, was received like a tale of monkeys, parrots, and cockatoos on the ice-floes of the Arctic Ocean.

But I knew the Death Valley fishes were there, and I now know others who have seen them. And, as these lines are written, twenty-five specimens of them are living in an aquarium in my home, where they have thrived for more than a year. Scientific men have also taken cognizance of them, and account for their presence in Death Valley by the fact they they have



Fish That Feel at Home in Nature's Soup-Kettle

evidently survived in Saratoga Spring from some remote geological age when the conditions of climate and drainage in that region were altogether different.

Hot water doesn't make these little fellows lazy. It peeps them up until it is difficult for the eye to keep track of their swift, agile movements. Of their appearance Mr. Hogg tells us:

The adult males of the Death Valley species are an iridescent, electric blue. The females are slightly lighter with barred markings on the sides, similar to the markings of a rainbow trout. The Tecopa fishes are much lighter.

Aquarists would throw up their hands in despair at the thought of trying to keep an aquarium at from 110 to 115 degrees.

Nevertheless, such hot-pool aquaria have been maintained successfully. In San Francisco I visited one of the largest aquariums on the Pacific coast, and was there shown a tank containing specimens of a small killifish known as *Lucania browni*, fishes that would suffer a fatal chill in water colder than 128 degrees! They are natives of a desert hot pool near *La Laguna Salada* in the northern part of Mexico's Baja California.

With the hot pool definitely located on the map of Mexico, I had little difficulty in finding it while on a recent motor trip from Los Angeles down the great peninsula of Baja California. It is at the foot of the gnarled Cocopah Range, a few miles east of the great Salt Lake—*La Laguna Salada*—and in the northern part of Mexico's notorious *Desierto de los Chinos*—Desert of the Chinamen—which derives its name from the fate of a party of forty-six Chinese who perished from thirst while attempting to walk from San Felipe to Mexicali. The Mexicans call this spring *El Pozo Caliente de los Pescados Pequeños*, or "The Hot Spring of the Little Fishes."

The water throughout this pool is at a temperature of from 128 degrees to 136 degrees. The pool teems with the tiny fishes, *Lucania browni*, which were so named by Dr. David Starr Jordan for Herbert Brown, of Tucson, Arizona, who brought them to the attention of science in 1908.

In appearance these little hot pool killifishes are identical with those of the Tecopa Hot Spring, except for being slightly smaller.

WHEN we find fishes "living in water as hot as many of us prefer our tea or coffee we have seen one of the most vivid illustrations of how nature adapts her creatures to strange environments," says Mr. Hogg. "A trout liberated into the pool of *El Pozo de los Pescados Pequeños* would undoubtedly be killed very quickly. And, certainly, any human being attempting to swim in it would be badly scalded. How then do these little fishes survive?" Why are they not thoroughly boiled little fishes? he asks. Replying to his own question he says:

The only logical explanation seems to be that the hot-pool fishes took up their abode in these desert springs perhaps tens of thousands of years ago when the water was of a normal temperature. Down through the ages and countless generations of fishes, the conditions changed and the water became warmer. These changes were undoubtedly so gradual that the various generations of fishes were wholly unaware of it.

Don't let DUST spoil YOUR FOOD



YOU must either endure this menace to health and safety—or stop it at the source. You must either eat and breathe it or have it kept on the road. Housewives must either dust continually—or work for dust control.

Motorists must continue to skid in loose gravel—crash in dust clouds—or else aid in having it prevented.

Highway officials know that dust control with Calcium Chloride saves the road surface. Help them by indicating to your road commissioners, your supervisors, your councilmen, that you feel you are entitled to dustless roads as well as those who live on the pavement. Calcium Chloride saves most of its cost by conserving surface material. So dust control actually costs little or nothing.

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KEEPS ROADS DUSTLESS



Murder in the Zoo

THE FUR OF LOPEZ, THE JAGUAR, was handsomely spotted. His manner was friendly, good-natured, ingratiating. But his heart was as black as home-made sin.

The jungle bravo seemed glad when Dr. William T. Hornaday, then director of the Zoological Park in the Bronx, reached in and stroked his head, and his willingness to romp made him seem eager to be an amiable pet. William Engle tells us in a copyrighted article in the New York *World-Telegram*, in which he describes how the captives of the zoo sometimes revert to the bloody violence of their freer days.

Lopez fooled the zoo staff members. They "agreed that no cat would put in the whole year merely pretending to be good-natured. For reward they ordered a mate for him—a female as fine as any jaguar ever brought to town, and as an experiment her cage was installed beside Lopez's. Their affair seemed romance at first sight.

"Lopez courted her, and she was pleased. Dr. Hornaday thought it would be cruel to keep them apart longer, and Lopez deserved no more of solitary confinement.

"The two sets of doors that separated them were drawn open. Proudly and confidently, the bride walked toward her bridegroom. Outside the bars zoologists watched intently."

The female had not been through Lopez's door a second before the pretense of a year fell from him, we are told as we read on:

Blood-lust that had been hidden beneath sycophancy was bare. Without warning he sprang, and his jaws closed upon her throat.

As his rush bore her to the floor, the attendants swarmed in. They spiked him. They beat him. They even tried to brain him. But Lopez did not once let go. He held her in his jaws until her cervical vertebrae were crushed, and she was dead.

That, in the criminology of Bronx Park, was first-degree murder; perfidious Lopez, they decided, for a whole year had simulated amiability, awaiting his time and his victim.

Between that and second-degree murder, the line of difference is finely drawn, as it is outside the park, but the crime of lesser degree is definitely recognized. A historic case reveals the distinction.

THIS case involves a polar bear who was widowed after seven happy years of matrimony, and to whom a new mate was presented by Carl Hagenbeck, the circus proprietor. At once the newcomer and the widower, in cages side by side, made up to each other, we learn as Mr. Engle's account runs on:

They licked each other's noses and ate meals side by side. At night they slept close together, altho bars separated them. They convinced every one after three weeks of this that calm domesticity for them had been predestined.

Nevertheless, before they were allowed together the keepers prepared for trouble. They oiled the sleeping den door so that, if the female should dash for safety, some one could instantly slide the barrier and shut her in. They armed themselves with pike-poles, long iron bars, lariats, and long planks a foot wide.

"Open her door, a foot only, and let her put her head out. Keep him away."

Dr. Hornaday admitted he was apprehensive as he gave the order. But the female bear was trusting. She pushed her head through, and as the male stood back awaiting her, she struggled to hurry in.

The mighty male was a white streak through the air. He lunged, and the smaller female, dumfounded for a moment, was beyond retaliation. He prest the advantage. He snapt and tore and chewed, and thereafter for twenty minutes, despite the defense of his victim and the attempts of keepers to divert his rage, he did not relent in the onslaught.

Six frenzied men tried to stop him. When, in the first terrific attack, the female fell near the cage bars they were able to beat him upon the head, drive steel spikes into him, ram him with planks. But he thwarted them; he seized her, dragged her inward and down to the ice that covered the swimming pool, beyond their reach.

Ice and snow that polished the floor of the den presented a hazard that stopt them from following; their last chance was a lasso. Keeper Mulvehill, risking his life, stept inside, flung a noose and snared him. Another lariat trussed him.

But it was too late. Just before they dragged him off, his teeth

slashed through the jugular vein of the one who was to have been his mate, and in two minutes she was dead.

One of Dr. Raymond L. Ditmars's unusual motion-picture films records a Kiplingesque battle between "those natural enemies, the venomous cobra and the violent mongoose." Of this *The World-Telegram* tells us:

He built a set to represent an opening in the jungle, got the serpent to feel at home in the glass-encased glade, and then turned the mongoose free to emerge through a hollow log.

Tho the mongoose is something like a ferret (it is barred from the country because of the possibility of its breeding and menacing poultry), and seems far less sinister than the deadly reptile, it turned the tables on its adversary.

The cobra reared, spread its hood, was ready to strike its death-blow. But in the instant as it poised the mongoose sprang, and grabbed it and bit the life out of it. The snake's hypodermic fangs might as well have been loaded with water instead of with one of the deadliest of poisons.

Picking Up the Pieces in Chapei

HERE COMES A WOMAN LUGGING a big red bathtub—red because it was a wedding present.

Her husband carries a half-naked baby; and her daughter "sports a Fifth Avenue leather purse" in one hand, while with the other she manages two wicker baskets full of potatoes.

After this family party plods "a farmer wearing white canvas socks, but no shoes and no hat," according to a copyrighted Shanghai dispatch in the New York *Sun*. He totes the furniture of his family of five. Simply done blankets of matting, a wash-bowl, a basket of provisions, two bottles of soya sauce, without which no Chinese meal can be palatable.

"Then comes a porter trundling five small crates of silver dollars sealed with paper. Business confidence is being restored.

It is all evidence, we read, of the attempt to struggle back to life which is the dominant feature of Chapei, "Shanghai's native quarter north of the international settlement, which stood for weeks under the incessant pounding of Japanese guns and high aerial explosives during the warfare in February and March." Reading on:

Chapei's streets are being cleared of debris, and life is struggling back slowly with wonder in its eyes and pain in its heart.

Gangs of coolies, grunting, sweating, and chanting at their work, are filling shell holes, while others amble along with the light of sober curiosity still lingering in their eyes.

North Station, once the "hottest" spot of conflict in China, once a place of death, is now vibrant with life. As all depots in China, this presents a cross-section of Asiatic life, its hopes, its despairs.

Shell craters, once "deep enough to bury a New York taxicab," have been filled in and tracks laid across them. A train is in, having brought refugees returning to the homes they had evacuated.

With the top stories of the shell-torn depot building razed, the structure has been screened off by bamboo staves, and a temporary depot is being used. Families are sitting silently on the benches, while children squat on the concrete platforms, playing with their toes. A small boy in nothing but pants and cotton jumper is turning handspins.

A LOT of these people are bound for nowhere. But outside in the street are blazing heat, clouds of germ-laden dust, and tar binder oozing out of the roadway. So they can hardly be blamed if they stay in the shade and comparative comfort.

But if you will come out with us and come down the street a little way you will come to Charlie Chan's next. Charlie, we learn, "was the one picture hero of the Chapei war." Of his exploits we read in *The Sun*:

Charlie sat up there at a second-story corner window and fanned enemies with a machine-gun. For weeks Charles carried on and then silently left with the Chinese Nineteenth Route Army on March 4. Since then his name has been a legend.

Hawkers spread their goods along the street until their shops are rebuilt. Bananas, water chestnuts, hard, green peaches,

soda-water, sugar-cane, and green and pink children's socks are all open to inspection, while a few pedestrians yawn and lazily halt to examine the goods.

Two newly imported Chinese constabulary, armed with rifles, gaze, in idle contemplation, at nothing, their thoughts harking back to the magic city of Peiping, whence they came to guard the wreckage of this populous and stricken city. Two others up the street are fraternizing with a uniformed Japanese marine bearing a rifle and guarding a bridge shot through with shell holes.

A huge water tank raises its crazy twisted bulk against a factory which is extinct. Eight Chinese are hoisting steel, trying to patch up bullet holes. The tank is as riddled as a sieve, but orders must be obeyed, otherwise there would be more unemployment. There is plenty of that until somebody comes forward to pay the bills, to settle indemnity, or coax insurance firms into expensive generosity.

The face of Chapei bears witness to the awful punishment it received, but one must note that all anti-Japanese signs have either been shot off the walls or else the walls themselves have been razed. This survey, three months after the last shot was fired in the Chino-Japanese struggle, shows that but few solid walls remain.

Where the Good Tires Go When They Die

AFTER America has discarded automobile tires, "peasants in Mexico, China, Spain, and Portugal get a lot more mileage from them." However, they are not used on cars, but as footgear, a writer in the *New York Evening Post* tells us, continuing:

Every year America exports more than 50,000,000 pounds of discarded rubber, valued at more than \$1,000,000. Most of it, according to General Tire officials, is cut up into soles for primitive types of shoes worn by natives of many foreign lands.

In Spain, shoes known as *alpargatas*, with rope or rubber soles, are popular in the rural districts. Within recent years a type of this shoe, known as the *arbaca*, with soles made from the discarded automobile tires, has become very popular.

Next to Spain, China provides the best market for America's old automobile tires. Chinese coolies cut the tires into soles for their cheap shoes. The thinner and worn parts of the old tires are cut out by hand to make shoes for the rickshaw-pullers. The sale price is about three cents a pair.

Shepherds in Portugal use inner tubes as overshoes for their sabots, and pieces of casing as supplemental soles and heels on wooden shoes. At Portuguese country fairs it is not uncommon to find two or three stands dealing in used American tires and tubes.

Chief Mourners.—The arrival of the circus recalls the visitor to the small traveling circus, who found two of its junior members weeping bitterly.

"What's the matter?" he inquired kindly of the boys.

"The elephant's dead," they sobbed.

"Did you love the big animal so dearly?" asked the visitor.

"Love him, nothin'," said the two together. "The boss has just told us we've got to dig his grave!"—*New York Morning Telegraph*.

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At which point John thinks he can end the subject, thus:

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But you stick to your point with:

"When I think of what it costs just to live and the plans we have for Junior's education, it does kind of frighten me. Are you really sure, John, that we've given this matter of insurance enough thought and have as much as we need?"

And that's all for that little talk if John says:

"Oh well, if you're really worried, I'll look into my life insurance soon, but let's not bother about it now."

* * *

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS

Is California's Eight a "Crew of Destiny"?

EIGHT BOYS, COLORED A GOLDEN BRONZE by Western sunshine—the Golden Bears of California—swept down the Hudson to glory and in glory.

Their smashing victory over seven of their collegiate peers brings them a step nearer to the realization of their battle cry:

"California's crew for California's Olympic Games!"

The eight bronzed boys, and that small man who trained them, "Ky" Ebright, are entitled to a mild "I told you so," according to Robert Harron in the *New York Evening Post*.

But they are not exercising their prerogative, Mr. Harron adds as he refers to the eight as a "crew of destiny." They are too busy preparing for anticipated future victories.

California's triumph in the Intercollegiate Regatta was something of an upset. Syracuse and Cornell were the pre-race favorites.

"Ky" Ebright, Mr. Harron continues, "had read in the papers

moodily watched the proceedings from the balcony of the engineers' boathouse next door:

"You'd think those guys had lost."

IN Olympic years "the California oarsmen become ambitious, and when the California crews get that way there is no arguing with them," W. O. McGeehan writes in his *New York Herald Tribune* column. "Four years ago a California crew, Olympic-bound, won every race from the Golden Gate to the Hook of Holland and return. Tarrying at the Poughkeepsie course, this same crew broke the course record."

In a news account in the same journal, Stanley Woodward assures us that the Westerners walked away with the race, and adds:

"Walked" is the word. The Golden Bears took the lead in the first half mile without obvious expenditure of energy, built it up to mountainous proportions, and held on with ease against the final rush of Cornell to win by two and a half boat-lengths. Seldom in the history of the Poughkeepsie Regatta has one crew so completely dominated the field. Half-way down the course it was obvious that nothing short of a broken oar could haul California back to its struggling opposition.

Altho less stunning than the Navy victory of a year ago, this latter-day triumph may be ranked as an upset. The experts all had concluded that California rowed too short a stroke to figure in the company of such colossi as Cornell and Syracuse. But the Bears, reaching comfortably, finishing with a lurch of powerful shoulders, recovering as one man, and catching as one oar, were flawless from start to finish, every inch a great crew.

Cornell, sluggish, almost lackadaisical in the early stages, came strongly at the end and pared something from the Westerners' lead. In third place came Washington, the crew with the fearful catch, more than a length ahead of Navy, which finished fourth.

Syracuse, a strong favorite at the start after its minor crews had cleaned up the freshman and junior varsity races, was fifth, more than two lengths ahead of Columbia. The Lions beat Pennsylvania and Massachusetts Tech. The latter came in a quarter of a mile behind the leader and fully eight lengths astern of Penn.

The race was rowed on smooth water and under a bright blue sky which smiled on a race-day crowd of huge proportions and pleasant temper. Conditions, altho perfect from the standpoint of the spectators ashore and afloat, were not fast. A light head wind fanned the backs of the oarsmen, and the California time, 19:55, was more than a minute behind the record established by the Golden Bears of 1928.

Cornell was timed in 20:05, Washington in 20:14 1-5, and Navy in 20:19 4-5. From there they graded away to Massachusetts Tech, which crossed the line still rowing gamely, if hopelessly, in 21:12 3-5.

All the struggling that was done in this race "took place aft the California stern and forward of the Tech peak," the account runs on:

The Bears were first almost from the start, and Tech steadily sagged back. In between such crews as Cornell, Washington, Navy, and Syracuse battled it out for comparatively inconsequential honors.

The boys from the Golden Gate, aloof, not to say detached, watched this struggle in the ruck, and when Cornell emerged to challenge they answered like oarsmen and racers.

California has been looking forward to this race since the first shell was launched on the Oakland slough last winter. Since that day the oarsmen's eyes have been on the heights, and placards in their boathouse have broadcast the legend, "California's



Wide World

The Golden Bears in Person, Bearing Victory Gracefully

that California couldn't hope to win this boat race by rowing a stroke which seemed to be short and that demanded so much of the arms. But Ebright, who seems to dote on turning out winning crews in Olympic years, merely smiled and said nothing—or almost nothing. His boys didn't read the newspapers. They merely rowed twice a day and let it go at that.

"So, as the Golden Bears' shiny shell slid across the finish line, there were two lengths of open water dancing in the late afternoon sunshine between Coxswain Norris Graham's cockpit and the Big Red eight of Cornell, the Eastern crew that had been expected to turn back this Golden Bear invader. About two and a half lengths behind Cornell was Washington, the Husky which had come from the Northwest vowing vengeance on California."

AND after Washington came in order: Navy, Syracuse, Columbia, Penn. and M. I. T. Syracuse won the three-mile junior varsity and two-mile freshman races.

"Perhaps you'll take my word, next time," smiled Ebright as he set about making plans for the training that will fit the Bears for the Olympic attack at Worcester, Massachusetts, on July 8 and 9, Mr. Harron adds. He's "a quiet chap, not inclined to be exuberant, but you couldn't blame him for having a soft chuckle."

So intent are the California boys upon the future that after the regatta there was nothing in their demeanor of unusual jubilation, altho in ordinary years this is the race of races.

There was no shouting in the California quarters, the Associated Press reports, "no slapping of bare backs, none of the usual hilarity found in the boathouse of a Poughkeepsie champion. As a mournful Massachusetts Tech oarsman said as he

crew for California's Olympic games!" The Bears haven't won the right to row in their own Olympics yet, but who, in the light of what happened, is going to summon the courage to deny that they will win it?

THE crowd was, perhaps, not all that crowds have been in former years. But, nevertheless, there was a good turnout, and "the ferry plying back and forth across the river was solid with humanity two hours before the race and two hours after," Mr. Woodward tells us as he writes on in *The Herald Tribune*:

The yachting fleet was off, perhaps, from other years, but brave and colorful in dress pennants none the less. There was the destroyer *Goff*, moored close to the finish, a fleet of river boats full of excursionists, and the ocean-going freighter *Momar*, anchored by the railroad bridge, a unique addition to the race-day armada.

When the crew from the Oakland slough pushed its nose across the finish there was a peep of whistles here and a croak there, but most of the engineers and practically all of the people had been too overcome by that time by the stunning superiority of the Californians to effect much of an audible reaction. The crowd is used to seeing its boat races fought out over the full four miles. Perhaps it had a little resentment toward the boys from the West for turning the thing into a parade.

And it must be acknowledged that it was a parade all the way. It looked at the start as if Syracuse caught the water first and gained a momentary margin. Then California started to click, and thenceforth, until Cornell challenged, it just rowed away.

ONE unusual feature of the regatta was that the main race started almost exactly on the dot, we learn. Conditions were almost perfect, Mr. Woodward lets us know as he continues:

The river, often truculent and resentful on its big day, was smooth as a trout pool. Julian W. Curtiss, the referee, standing on the prow of the cruiser *Tara*, surveyed the field with megaphone in hand preparatory to sending it away.

At this point, Ebright leapt ashore off his launch and scrambled up the bank to the observation. A tall young man, wearing on his blue sleeveless jersey the Olympic shield, walked up and down in front of the observation train, stopping at each car to lead and give a cheer for California.

The *Tara* nosed up into the open middle lane, and the referee raised his megaphone. Three hands went up in supplication for armistice as coxswains essayed to straighten their prows toward the middle arch of the railroad bridge, three miles down-stream.

Closest to the Highland shore was Syracuse, with big Tom Lombardi, its stroke, wearing a cashiered Navy jersey. Then came California, brown as Kanakas and stript to the waist. Then stretching across the broad Hudson were Washington, with its white-tipped oars and white pennant, Massachusetts Tech, Cornell, Navy, Columbia, and Pennsylvania.

"Are you all ready?" came a stentorian bellow from the prow of the *Tara*. California, close to shore, and Pennsylvania, far-off toward Poughkeepsie, signified they were not. Again the bellow. No protests this time. The gun speaks, and the oars of the nation catch the water.

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Olympian Feats of Olympic Aspirants

LIGHT-FOOTED Lieutenant Lermond came loping along the cinders at a record-breaking rate.

He timed himself perfectly, Tom McCabe writes in the Boston *Herald*, "never looked tired, took his jumps with abandon, splashed in the water-hole, and liked it. His final lap was a sprint, and he could have gone much farther."

When he crossed the finish line in the

exclaims in the New York *Herald Tribune*. "Altho athletic supremacy has moved across the country since the old days when this section produced nearly all the Olympic teams, the East can still hold its own, and a bit more, with the pace set by the rest of the country."

And now we are approaching a real inter-sectional showdown that may, perhaps, settle the question of Eastern, Western,



Wide World

What's a Little Bath Between Athletes?

Lieutenant Lermond leading at the water jump in the 3,000-meter steeplechase.

3,000-meter steeplechase, the officials of the Eastern Olympic tryouts in the Harvard Stadium, Cambridge, looked first at their watches and then at each other. Then they scratched their heads in puzzlement.

Three thousand meters in 9:08.4? Thirteen seconds faster than the world record?

It seemed impossible. Perhaps the course was short. They checked it. The course was correct.

There could be no doubt. Lieut. George Lermond of the New York Athletic Club had provided still another sensation for a track season that has already been prolific in sensational record-breaking.

Nor was Lieutenant Lermond's exploit the only thrill of the two-day meet. As Mr. McCabe tells us in *The Herald*, another world mark fell when Leo Sexton put the shot 52 feet, 8½ inches.

AMERICAN records, he continues, "were bettered in the 1,500- and 10,000-meter runs, and Olympic figures in the 400-meter hurdles, discus throw, 200-meter sprint, and pole vault also were surpassed, while the world records in the 100-meter dash and 110-meter hurdles and the Olympic time in the 400-meter run were equaled.

Particularly in view of the recent achievements of Metcalfe, Brooksmith, Cunningham, and Shugert in the Mid-West, and of Eastman, Kiesel, and Wykoff on the Pacific coast, Eastern sports writers are delighted with this showing.

The East is still in the major leagues of track and field sports, J. P. Abramson

Southern, or Mid-Western supremacy for a while.

Eastern athletes have left for Berkeley, California, for the I. C. A. A. A. games, which are due just about now.

Fifty-six Easterners have been designated for the final Olympic tryouts at Palo Alto the middle of this month. Their going, however, depends upon the raising of funds to send them.

Other startlingly fine performances recorded in the history of the Cambridge tryouts are described by Mr. McCabe in his *Herald* account thus:

Emmet Toppino of Loyola University, New Orleans, trying for a world record in the 100-meter final, fully three yards in front of his closest rival, won the event in 10 2-5 seconds.

This equals the world record set by Charley Paddock back in 1921 and equaled a year ago by Eddie Tolan of Michigan. In the National Collegiates, Ralph Metcalfe of Marquette was credited with a similar clocking.

Toppino's whirlwind stunt was undoubted. Four timers had him in the world figure and a fifth shaded that clocking. With the veteran Col. Charley Dieges and Chris Dalton working under H. O. von Schueckmann, there isn't any doubt of the timing.

Running with all his power, graceful and effortless, with the kick of a champion in the final whirl of the oval, Gene Venzke of the New York A. C. stamped himself as quite as good on the cinders as he is on the boards while racing off with the 1,500-meter test in 3 minutes 52 3-5 seconds.

The surprise was Bay Estes of Harvard. He was no match for Boyertown Gene, for

he was forty yards back at the finish, but Bay outlegged Leo Lermond of the New York A. C., despite a prodigious sprint in the last half lap, and H. Trefferson of the Meadowbrook Club of Philadelphia. Ward Hardman of the Navy, who ran in record figures a week ago, walked into the finish line, run out, so grueling was the pace of the winners.

Venzke's winning time betters the existing American record of 3 minutes 55 seconds, set by Ray Conger of the Illinois A. C. in the 1928 trials at Cambridge. Considering the competition and considering Venzke made his own way the final lap, it compares quite favorably with the world record of 3 minutes 51 seconds by Otto Peltzer.

"RANGY PERCY BEARD," a co-star of Lieutenant Lermond in the N. Y. A. C., tied Wennstrom's 110-meter high-hurdle figure of 0:14.4, we are told as we turn to Arthur J. Daley's Cambridge dispatch in the *New York Times*. Pursuing this account we learn in addition:

A long-distance ace was uncovered in Tom McDonough of the Boston A. A., who traversed the 10,000-meter route in 31:24, thus beating Joie Ray's accepted American record of 31:28.4 and Juan Carlos Zabala's unaccepted time of 31:26.6.

As far as the surpassing of Olympic records was concerned, the athletes were off to a flying start when John Anderson of the New York A. C. tossed the discus 163 feet 5¼ inches, well beyond Bud Houser's international mark of 155 feet 2 15-16 inches.

To this was added other performances that were better than Olympic marks, altho it must be understood that Olympic records can be made only in an Olympic meet. But Keith Brown, the sensational Yale freshman, pole-vaulted 13 feet 10 inches to surpass the 1928 height of his Eli predecessor, Sabin Carr, when that master vaulter cleared 13 feet 9¾ inches.

Joe Healy, N. Y. U. sophomore, running his 400-meter hurdles race, was clocked in 53 seconds as he beat the national champion, Vic Burke, his New York A. C. teammate. Lord Burghley of England holds the Olympic mark of 0:53.4. And in the 400-meter flat race another sophomore, Karl Warner of Yale, edged out Pete Bowen of the N. Y. A. C. in 0:47.6, time that is the equal of Eric Liddell's 1924 Olympic record.

The eleventh of these records of various statures came in the 200-meter final, when John Waybright of the United States Naval Academy was caught in 0:21.3, better than the Olympic standard of 0:21.6. This, however, was made around a turn, and the Midshipman's on a straightaway.

In addition to all these there was one other feat that was just below record dimensions. This was the brilliantly run 800-meter final, which saw George Bullwinkle of the N. Y. A. C. beat out his teammate, Otto Rosner, in the splendid time of 1:53 flat.

Maybe They're Five Day Weekers.—

A teacher gave the following problem to her pupils: If a woman gathers five eggs a day, how many eggs would she gather in a week?

After studying for a few minutes, William, with a puzzled brow, inquired:

"Teacher, do hens lay on Sundays?"—*Indianapolis News*.

How Tony Gives a Latin Tone to Our National Game

WILL Tony nose Pat out of the national game?

Head-lines and box scores for several recent baseball seasons seem to indicate that something of the sort is happening, according to a Consolidated Press dispatch by George Chadwick.

A quarter of a century ago, he reminds us, "if you asked any manager in the big leagues—or the minors either—what race he thought produced the best ball players, he would answer, 'American youngsters first, if they are inclined to baseball, and Irish lads next.'

"If the boys of Irish parentage are born in the United States aren't they Americans?" you might ask.

"They are, come to think of it," the manager would reply, 'only for some reason or another they always get the reputation of being Irish. I guess it is because they always stick out in baseball.'

In the year 1900, "the one prominent Latin name among the major players was Lajoie, and he was of French descent," says Mr. Chadwick, continuing:

The best batter was Wagner and his nickname was "Hans." Two of the best batters of Irish descent were McGraw and Donlin, and both of them played with the St. Louis Nationals.

Among the batsmen of the majors to-day there are Lazzeri, Crosetti, Storti, Mancuso, Orsatti, Melillo and Cuccinello. Puccinelli, Garibaldi, Maliho, Bottarino, Pinelli and Gazella are playing in the minors. There are many more names with an Italian ring to them. There are scores more of young and coming Italian players. Some of them are on the West coast and some of them are in the East in the cities. The youngsters on the coast have more chance to become skilful ball players, because they have a longer playing season than the boys on the Atlantic side. In New York City there are juvenile teams made up almost entirely of Italian boys.

A MAJOR-LEAGUE manager was asked whether the boys of Italian parentage were making headway in major-league baseball, the account runs on.

"Not a doubt of it," he replied. "They take to baseball quicker than they take to spaghetti." Further, he said:

"These Tonies walk right into baseball if they take to it a bit. Look at this Puccinelli. Hit the ball over the fence for two home runs the other day in one game. Look at Lazzeri in his good year. Why that guy just missed winning the World Series for the Yankees the time that Grover Alexander came to the pitcher's plate to relieve a fader for St. Louis.

"My experience with Italians is that when they are good ball players they are very good. Ten years from now watch out for 'em. Nowadays I can't even get a player on my team with the nickname of Pat. Once they were all Pats. Better look out for these Garibaldis who are born in the United States. When they get baseball good, they are some good, and they are getting that way fast."

*I seldom
boast*



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Sharkey a Surprized Champion; Germany Bitter

SOMEONE HURLED A BOTTLE into the ring as a gesture of dissent from the decision by which Max Schmeling, "the German Dempsey," had been adjudged loser of the world's heavyweight championship.

'Twas twenty minutes later, but the fans were still arguing.

Foreign countries seethed with protest at the startling conclusion of the polyglot fight stories over international hook-ups.

Berlin sputtered in rage over the alleged injustice to its fist-cuffs idol. Sport-loving South America, which had taken an intense interest in the Sharkey-Schmeling duel, crackled with wrath.

Even Canada, our nearest neighbor and friendliest critic, went up in the air.

"Irate fight fans swamped the telephone switchboards of Toronto newspapers with indignation calls when it was flashed over the air that Jack Sharkey had outdecisioned Max Schmeling for the world's heavyweight boxing crown in New York yesterday," according to a Canadian Press dispatch.

"The Mail and Empire says its switchboard was jammed for hours with the greatest barrage of protest calls in its history."

In similar vein comes an Associated Press dispatch from Buenos Aires, relating that the decision "disappointed Argentine fans, who express a belief, after following cabled and radioed reports, that the German clearly was the victor."

BUT the most surprised person of all, according to eye-witness accounts, was the new champion of the world! With one eye completely closed, and exhausted by fifteen rounds of buffeting, Sharkey is described as having been in anything but a conquering-hero frame of mind when, to his bewilderment and joy, he was given the arm-lifting ritual with which winners and "champeens" are proclaimed.

As Frank Wallace describes the scene in the New York *Daily News*:

Seventy thousand people waited. Joe Humphreys went about the ring collecting slips of paper. Jack Sharkey, his left eye closed, waited on his little stool. Max Schmeling, unmarked and vibrant, stood in his corner.

Humphreys stood in the center of the ring, under the hanging microphone. He hesitated—then flung out over the vast expanse of the new Garden Bowl:

"The winner—and new champion!"

His voice was drowned. Sharkey's mouth opened; he half sprawled in his seat. His handlers picked him up and mauled him about in jubilation. Jack took a punch at an excited admirer who was in the ring mauling him.

Then Max Schmeling, the ex-champion, ran out to join the group. Max smiled and patted his recent opponent. Sharkey was still sour-faced. He had not yet comprehended.

Sharkey, the man of misfortune, who had so many times approached greatness only to stumble upon his own emotional awkwardness, had knocked again; but once more, in his heart, Jack must have felt that he had failed.

Then the door had swung open—and if the fates had been unkind to Sharkey before this, the fickle deities more than made up for it all last night.

Ringside opinion was against Sharkey after the fight as it had been before. A majority of the critics thought he had lost. I picked Sharkey, and certainly did not look upon his efforts with unfriendly eyes; but the best I had given him was a draw—seven rounds for each and one even.

Furthermore, Schmeling had been the aggressor throughout. The worst he should have had was a draw—and that was not enough to take his championship away. Referee Gunboat

Smith and Judge George Kelly had voted for Sharkey. Charles Mathison, the other judge, had given it to Schmeling. The loss of the title must have been as disheartening to Max as the result of their previous battle two years ago was to Sharkey.

These two men have not finished with each other. The issue is not settled.

That note prophetic of future hostilities is sounded by certain other sports writers. But cynical spirits laugh it down as ballyhoo. All agree that the fight was a tame one, altho 70,000 fans, in the face of the depression, had forked out an aggregate of half a million dollars to see it.

If Schmeling had been awarded the victory, the championship

would have been taken out of the country, and the prospects of a return battle and another \$500,000 crowd of optimists might have turned chill and blue.

So say the cynics.

THE noble fans who defied the depression half a million dollars' worth are described as being staggered at the decision, but afterward accepting it contentedly enough on "patriotic" grounds, whatever might be said by benighted foreigners.

Surprise at the size of the crowd is voiced by many writers. Says Richards Vidmer in the New York *Herald Tribune*:

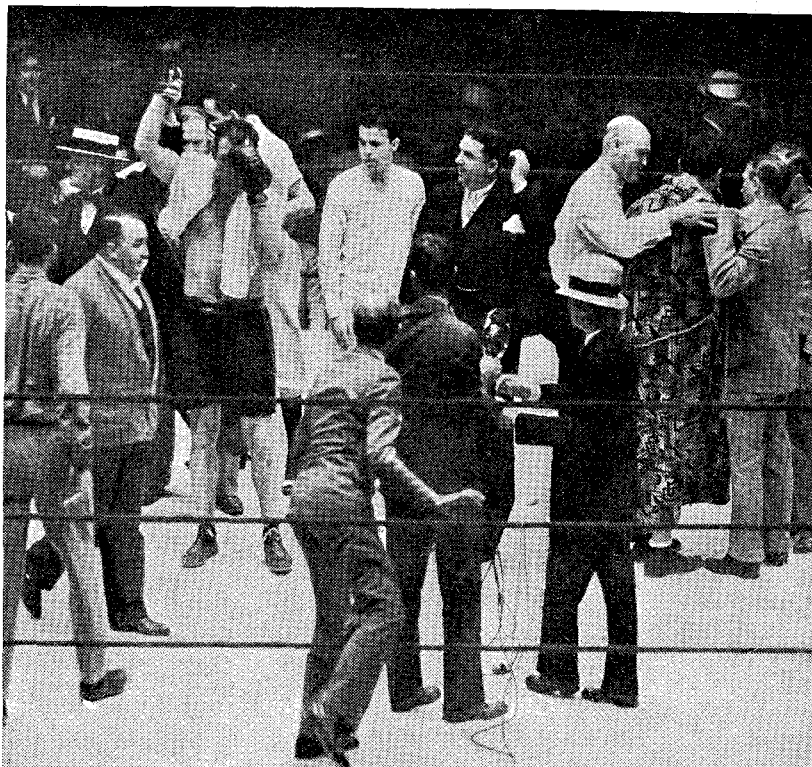
It took a heavyweight championship fight to make the depression look like just another rumor, for 70,000 persons found the price of admission to the new Madison Square Garden Bowl in Long Island City, paying close to \$500,000 to see Max Schmeling and Jack Sharkey resume their dispute over the title.

Two years ago this month 77,000 paid \$749,000 to see the same men fight for the same title at the Yankee Stadium, and they went away unconvinced that any championship had been bestowed, quite certain that they had failed to get their money's worth, and not quite sure that they hadn't been swindled.

But two years is a long time, and memory is fleeting, it seems, for as many as could cram their way last night into the sunken garden came back for more, and the price of a ticket is harder to produce than it was two years ago.

Once optimistic speculators, who finally had come to figure that they were stuck and certain to suffer a loss on their investment, suddenly found that they could sell tickets—with "\$23.00" plainly stamped across their face—at \$60.

Until yesterday morning comparatively few tickets had been sold, and there had been no hint of the interest that developed during the day. To all outward appearances the bowl had been built in vain.



Acme

The "Champeen" Nurses His Bad Eye; Schmeling (right) Fades Away

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Then, suddenly, came the rush.
"All the ringside seats are sold; there aren't any left."

"The fifteen-dollar seats are exhausted."
"The tens are going fast. Only a few left."

Many hours before dusk descended the blue-shirted, white-trousered ushers were busy showing customers to seats. Before the first preliminary went on, the aisles echoed to the rhythmic and regular beat of tramping feet and, when the lights went on, the sloping sides of the saucer were three-quarters filled with eager onlookers, while the streets outside still flowed with a steady stream toward the entrances.

The second preliminary bout was only half over when the bowl was filled from ringside to horizon. Not an empty seat could be spotted.

Here and there was a familiar face, Mickey Walker, Gene Tunney, Bernard Gimbel, Big Bill Edwards, Mayor Walker, Primo Carnera, Frank Craven; politicians, pugilists, and plutocrats, famous figures, notables, and former champions.

But the great mass of the 70,000 was made up of men in the street, fight fans.

When the champion and the challenger climbed between the ropes a roar went up. Comparative silence gave way to sound, rising and falling as excitement waxed and waned, finally ending in a clatter of mingled elation and disappointment at the finish.

FOR the greater part of fifteen rounds, "Schmeling plods after Sharkey, following him from one side of the ring to the other, with Sharkey jab, jab, jabbing with his left as he backs away," writes Damon Runyon in the *New York American*. We read on:

Schmeling follows him, doggedly, persistently, half-hopping at times, in his eagerness to catch up with Sharkey. He displays a surprising stiff-armed left jab himself.

It is this that closed Sharkey's eye about midway of the battle. He keeps trying to tag Sharkey on the chin with a right. Occasionally he succeeds, but the blows do not seem to damage Sharkey.

Schmeling, for this fight, abandons his original weaving style. He stands upright most of the way. He outboxes Sharkey at intervals.

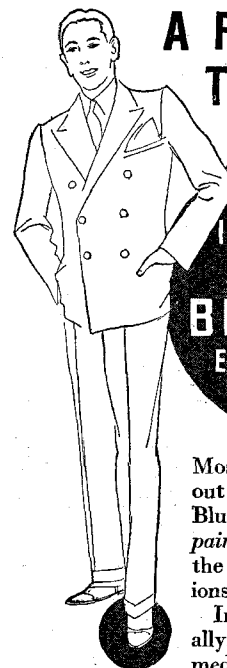
The German shows great improvement in boxing since his first appearance in this country in 1928. But Judge Kelly and Referee Gunboat Smith apparently like Sharkey's style. Personally, I give Schmeling quite a lead in my scoring of the rounds, and am surprised at the decision.

So Jack Sharkey, the man who once declared his conviction that it wasn't in fistic fate for him ever to be heavyweight champion of the world, now holds the title.

IN a LITERARY DIGEST cable poll of the German press occurs this expression from the *Berlin Nachtausgabe*:

It seems certain that criticism of the decision is justified, but we are unwilling to assume partiality. We follow Schmeling's own example. He is displaying the attitude of a true sportsman in this bitter hour.

Mayor Walker in a radio talk to Berlin proclaimed that in his judgment Schmeling should have been given the decision. A large majority of New York sports critics express the same opinion. There is talk of an official inquiry.

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Raising Wages to Boost Business

IN A DAY OF SALARY CUTS and wage-reductions, "when the average citizen has tied a double knot in his purse-strings because of fear of a reduction in income," in such days the news of an actual increase in wages comes pretty near being sensational.

The complete story is told, with interpretative editorial comment, by *The Southern Automotive Journal* of Atlanta. It is an Atlanta story.

There was Mr. J. W. Lyerly's Ansley Garage. Work was just about at a standstill this spring, "the mechanics were twiddling their thumbs, waiting for service jobs." They all thought that the next step would be a wage-reduction, and so Mr. Lyerly called his force together one day and announced—a wage-increase.

The first thing noticed was the effect on the working force:

The wage-increase was put into effect about the middle of March. One month later the business of the Ansley Garage had doubled. And about half the jobs have been the result of the outside sales efforts of the employees.

The foreman, the eight mechanics, and the porter all are busy as tho this were the boom period of 1929 instead of the generally unsatisfactory year of 1932. There have been no reductions in the force. In fact, it has been necessary to add men for part-time employment during the last few weeks.

Then Mr. Lyerly decided he ought to tell the world. Not to get publicity, but to lead other employers to take similar action:

For he is firmly convinced that a general wage-increase would be the antidote to deflation, that it would be the certain remedy for depression, that it would stimulate new courage and initiative which would quickly bring a return of nation-wide prosperity.

So a modest little advertisement appeared in one of the local newspapers "stating that the Ansley Garage had found the way to end depression—that a wage-increase had been put into effect, and that this already had resulted in a large increase in business."

The effect was amazing, we read. People began to call upon or write to Mr. Lyerly, casting doubt upon his sanity, or applauding his courage.

ASIDE from the publicity value of this plan, the important question is this, we read in *The Southern Automotive Journal*, "Are higher wages of direct benefit to the employer?" Mr. Lyerly is reported as insisting that they certainly are:

He says that during the last few weeks in which his shop has had so much more work to handle, his men have insisted on working overtime, without extra compensation. Aside from a night man, the closing hour is 5:30 P. M. But on many occasions the men have insisted on working until seven or eight o'clock, and it has been necessary to demand that they "call it a day."

The other day a luxurious car with a South Carolina license tag stopt in front of the shop. "Is this the Ansley Garage?" the driver inquired. On being answered in the affirmative, he said: "Well, there's considerable work I must have done on this car, and I wanted it to go to that garage man who had the nerve to boost the wages of his men."

The Atlanta editor comes to the conclusion that Mr. Lyerly's plan has certainly been most effective in his own business:

Whether it would prove equally effective in another business might depend on whether the plan were inaugurated merely as a mercenary move or as a real public-spirited effort to help remedy the trouble which now afflicts the nation.

We feel, too, that Mr. Lyerly is correct in his belief that a nation-wide movement toward wage-increases would do more than

anything else to restore that spirit of optimism and confidence which is the background of national prosperity.

In connection with the Atlanta story, it is interesting to find in the Albany (N. Y.) *Evening News* a statement from a manufacturer of envelopes, in Cohoes, who has gone through the depression without reducing wages, and has kept busy by active sales effort. Says this manufacturer, Mr. Robert M. Lackey:

I believe that reducing wages, wholesale discharge of employees, and the working of others on short time absolutely destroys the purchasing power of the people, and is as ridiculous as an attempt to fill a barrel by opening the bung-hole.

Support for State Truck Regulation

THAT THE SUPREME COURT intends to sustain, whenever possible, State laws regulating motor-carriers, is the interpretation a number of editors put on the two recent decisions of the Supreme Court upholding such laws.

On the same day the court unanimously upheld the Kansas law and the Texas law. And the *Baltimore Sun* thinks it is an excellent thing that "before agreement has been reached as to the ultimate place of the bus and truck in transportation of freight and passengers, the State should be armed with authority to see that the people for whom good roads were constructed, and who pay so large a share of the cost, are not crowded off."

In the Kansas case interests affected had claimed that the law violated the Fourteenth Amendment in discriminating between different types of motor carriers. But the court held that "requirements of this sort are clearly within the authority of the State, which may demand compensation for the special facilities it has provided, and regulate the use of its highways to promote the public safety." In Kansas, notes the *Baltimore Sun*, "opposition to motor-truck use of the roads was influenced considerably by the fact that they were proving highly detrimental to railroads and threatening their financial stability"—

The public, recognizing the indispensability of rail service, began slowly to appreciate the need of protecting the carriers from this kind of competition. But the determining factor in the matter was belief that, unless something was done to check use of the roads, for commercial freight and passenger business, the public would be greatly inconvenienced in its own use of them.

The objection to the Texas law was that it favored transportation by railroad as against truck transportation, and actually exempted from restrictions trucks operated by the railroads. But such an attitude is by no means unconstitutional, insists the Supreme Court, for the reason that:

THE objection to the Texas law was that it favored transportation by railroad as against truck transportation, and actually exempted from restrictions trucks operated by the railroads. But such an attitude is by no means unconstitutional, insists the Supreme Court, for the reason that:

The State has a vital interest in the appropriate utilization of the railroads which serve its people, as well as in the proper maintenance of its highways as safe and convenient facilities.

It can not be said that the State is powerless to protect its highways from being subject to excessive burdens when other means of transportation are available.

The use of highways for truck transportation has its manifest convenience, but we perceive no constitutional ground for denying to the State the right to foster a fair distribution of traffic to the end that all necessary facilities should be maintained, and that the public should not be inconvenienced by inordinate uses of its highways for purposes of gain.

If Texas did not have the right to regulate the size and weight of trucks upon the highways, the rights of the States would not amount to much, comments the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. The



It Is Always Darkest Just Before Dawn!

—Gale in the Los Angeles "Times."

Texas law limits trucks to 7,000 pounds' capacity. The truck owners complained that this would throw out all but 5,500 of the 206,000 trucks in the State, and that this would be destroying their property without due process of law. Says *The Post-Dispatch*:

The Supreme Court has gone a long way in defense of the principle enunciated by the Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments that property is sacrosanct, but it was not willing to go so far as to say that just anything could run over the Texas highways.

In Texas the *Dallas News* calls the decision "a victory for good roads"; and it is also "a victory for well-regulated transportation and somewhat of a victory for the railroads," comments the *Galveston Tribune*:

There was a real concern for the condition of Texas highways under the constant use of the big lumbering trucks, and there was the question of safety on the roads to other drivers. Some regulation was necessary both for safety's sake and for the sake of preserving the highways built by the taxpayers of the State. Nevertheless, it is probably true that the weight-regulation measure was inspired in part at least by a desire to handicap the motor-trucking business.

It is doubtful that the State truck laws are yet perfect or entirely just. Adjustments may be necessary and desirable. But in the meantime Texas is progressing toward a system of regulation which will be fair to the motor-trucks, to the railroads, and to the public.

A Case of "Too Much Transportation"

OVERPRODUCTION OF TRANSPORTATION in the territory served is cited by one authority close to the scene as the real cause of the insolvency of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad.

This is the third receivership among the railroads of the South since the end of 1930, reflects Charles F. Speare of the Consolidated Press, the others being the Seaboard Airline and the Florida East Coast. As we read:

These three systems, representing an aggregate of 5,500 miles of tracks, have been not only the victims of the depression, but a considerable part of their troubles have been brought on by competition with automobile trucks and buses, and in the case of the Mobile and Ohio, with Federal-Government-subsidized barge canals.

Complaint to the Government has been made by steam-carriers of the unfair competition which they have been compelled to meet in connection with service by water in the lower Mississippi Valley. At one time it looked as tho some adjustment of this situation might be satisfactorily effected.

This competition has also been a prominent factor in reducing the revenues of the Illinois Central Railroad, whose lines parallel the Mississippi River for many miles.

The Mobile and Ohio, one of the oldest railroads of the Mississippi Valley, has for years been under the control of the Southern, altho it has been separately operated. The road has been running at a loss for two years. It has miscellaneous debts of over \$3,000,000 and an interest payment on a bond issue due next September, and no money to pay it. The Southern has been carrying the Mobile and Ohio for some time, but has concluded that its own credit can not stand the strain indefinitely. Present receivership follows a petition by an insurance firm with a claim for a few thousand dollars. Fairfax Harrison, president of the Southern Railway, is quoted in *Barron's Weekly* as saying:

Since 1930 the M. & O., one of the first railroads to be built in the Mississippi Valley, has starved into inanition for want of revenue sufficient to pay its operating costs. The cause seems to be the overproduction of transportation in the territory served.

In recent years the transportation system of the Mississippi Valley has been supplemented by an extensive system of improved highways available to the use of privately owned passenger and freight vehicles, by barge lines on the Mississippi and Warrior rivers operated by the Federal Government, and by several new railroads. In the current economic crisis there has not been enough traffic to support all these facilities, and in the resulting competition the unregulated barge lines and highway trucks have

secured so much of such business as was available as to affect seriously the revenues of the regulated railroads, and not least the M. & O.

Stock Split-Ups That Hide Real Values

IF PRICES GO DOWN MUCH FURTHER in the stock market there will have to be a reduction in outstanding stock capitalizations, says the New York *Herald Tribune's* stock-market writer, "if only so the fluctuating values of stocks may have sufficient latitude to be recognizable."

In other words, in the boom days a lot of stocks were split up because prices were too high for convenient trading; now there ought to be some sort of reverse process because prices are too low for convenient trading. As we read in the New York paper:

With issues like General Motors and Northern Pacific selling below \$10 a share, and others like International Telephone and American and Foreign Power below \$3, it is clear that something must soon be done to lift quotations arbitrarily if only for the sake of convenience in maintaining a market.

If all the split-ups and stock dividends of the last ten years were rescinded, the stock prices of leading corporations would even now compare very favorably with 1921 low levels, and in many instances would be higher. American Can might be cited as a case in point.

For about each six shares of American Can common now outstanding there was one outstanding in 1921, when the low price for each share was 23½ and the high price was 35½. The closing price for the common yesterday was 35½. On the basis of the 1921 capitalization the price of the old stock would now be about \$210 a share, comparing with the low price of 23½ in 1921. Those who took an investment position in American Can in 1921, therefore, now have a capital appreciation of about 800 per cent., notwithstanding the 1929-32 slump in stock prices. Had they sold out in 1929 they would, of course, have realized very much more than \$210 a share on their old stock.

Such an illustration—and plenty of similar instances might be recited—indicates, we read, that "much of the pessimism now on top is gratuitous":

The current prices of General Motors and General Electric, and to a lesser extent, United States Steel, do not look very low when account is taken of the dilution of equities a share during the boom years. In the first two stocks a substantial appreciation in capital value remains, while in the latter issue the shrinkage is more apparent than real.

Where the big shrinkage of values has taken place, it is noted, "is in the stocks of new unseasoned companies, products of the boom years, for the most part, and in some instances products of the frenzied finance of the boom years"—

Some of the railroads and many of the mining companies are in the latter category, while numerous film, aviation, merchandising and specialty manufacturing companies are in the former.

Bad financing seems to be more responsible for some of the present abysmally low prices rather than the so-called depression, and undoubtedly this bad financing is now having the effect of intensifying the depression.

Shall We Freeze Out of It Or Fly Out of It?

SOME of the aviation enthusiasts among our readers noticed the recent statement in these columns, quoted from the Cambridge Associates of Boston, to the effect that the automatic refrigerator might perhaps pull the country out of the present depression, just as automobiles pulled it out in 1921 and railroads in 1873, etc.

So here comes *U. S. Air Services* (Washington, D. C.) with this editorial observation:

We don't want to cast any aspersions or suspicions on the prophetic powers of the Cambridge Associates or the pulling powers of the automatic refrigerator, but we'll bet a cooky they can't do it.

It stands to reason that it is easier to fly out of any mess than to freeze out of it, and the airplane will do the trick.

CURRENT POETRY

UNSOLICITED CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT CAN NOT BE RETURNED. UNPUBLISHED POETRY UNAVAILABLE

Assuming Mr. Jacob Epstein, the sculptor who runs the gantlet of criticism, had been honored with membership in the Royal Academy, the London *Spectator* offered a two-guinea prize for the best poem of not more than twenty-five lines commemorating the event.

Mr. Epstein, it will be recalled, was born in New York, and spent his youth on the East Side there.

The *Spectator* prints the winning poem and two others, and also an amusing introductory note which with the poems we quote:

We have italicized the word "commemorating." Having asked for the bread of salutation, we were rationed with the stones of satire. The shades of Pope, of Swift, and of Marston rose up in solemn, if superogatory, wrath. On to the Gothic symmetry of a Miltonic structure were grafted baroque gargoyles of petulance. Our indignation at this misinterpretation of our motives was not allayed by the indifferent quality of most of the verse of this kind submitted. Of the competitors who did what they were asked to, there can be no question of the most successful. The prize is awarded to T. E. Casson.

TO EPSTEIN

By T. E. CASSON

Not thine, O master, is the chiselled grace,
Chryselephantine, of the Pheidian form;
The poised trajectory and the heavenly face
Paeonius winged with victory in the storm.

Not the bronze discus-thrower Myron knew,
Is thine, sage sculptor; not the god-like calm
Praxiteles on Hermes, marvelling, threw,
Borrowing celestial virtue; not the palm

Borne by the victors on the athletic sand,
Immortalized in statues by the gate
Of Hellene cities, or that glorious stand
In fora, the antagonists of Fate.

Nor thine, great seer, the column that foretold
The fame of Trajan to succeeding men,
In winding spirals imaging the old
Conflicts by Hebrus and the Dacian fen.

But thee, O esemplast, the demiurge
Gifted with Genesis. Thy seeing eye
Embraces Chaos and the waves that surge
Upon the shore of dark Eternity.

Thou by thy hand brought'st Order from the void.
Thou to the Darkness spakest; there was light.
Thou hurled'st the levin. Titans were destroyed,
And Heaven sprang forth from quintessential
Night.

EPSTEIN JOINS THE R. A.

By GERALD SUMMERS

Bring Pegasus, that grey cob,
And rouse the Muse, the jade,
For Mr. Epstein (Jacob)
Intent to shock the Slade,
Descends from peaks sublimer,
With Rastournmji and Rima,
To join us—Oh! Jemima!—
By Burlington's Arcade.
How blinding are those star rays!
How fierce that meteor's shine!
We A.R.A.'s and R.A.'s,
Who dangle on the line
And boost our busts and bronzes,
Had better take our *congès*
And, shaking like blanc-manges
Or jelly-fish, resign.
Yet ope for him the portals
And watch the giant grin;
Take courage, timid mortals!

Let's send our efforts in,
Although I fear, between us,
Unless the dense crowds screen us,
That, next to his, our Venus
May look a trifle thin!

ON MR. EPSTEIN BEING ADMITTED TO MEMBERSHIP OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY

By W. HODGSON BURNET

He who till now with brows as black as thunder
ground

His teeth and pointed to the "shapeless mass"
Over the entrance to St. James's Underground
Will feel to-day that he has been an ass.
Some artists too will look supremely silly soon
When Epstein whom they loved so to deride
Exhibits "shapeless" things in Piccadilly soon.
Things they will have to swallow—with their
pride.

They laughed at "Rima" and they scorned his
"Genesis,"

They ran him down and said he couldn't sculpt.
Yes, now the things they looked upon as menaces
They'll simply have to swallow at a gulp.
I think those artists who (of either sex) owed us
(Who loved him) an apology for years
Would look well in a little group called "Exodus"
—An emigration with no call for tears.

HERE is a poem that may help reinstate in favor this gadabout rose whose ramblings have made her a bit too common. In the New York *American*:

THE RUNAWAY ROSE

By MINNA IRVING

"I am weary of the garden," said a little crimson
rose,
"And the moss-encrusted palings that around it
ever close,
For the breezes tell me stories of the wonders
they have seen,
And I wish that I could ramble while the land is
fair and green!"
Sang the thrush beneath the rainbow, piped the
cricket saying mass,
Buzzed like bee among the bluebells set like sap-
phires in the grass,
Heliographed the golden firefly in the twilight
flashing by,
Hummed the gray gnats wildly waltzing in the
gloaming: "Go and try."

So the rose one morning early started out to see
the world
With her tiny frilled and scalloped satin parasol
unfurled.
O'er the pickets old she clambered, down the road
she ran in haste,
Till she found a white pagoda just exactly to her
taste;
But she soon grew tired of blooming in a clipped
and formal way,
And she gathered up her flounces and resumed
her journey gay,
Hanging next her rosebud bonnet by an humble
cottage door
Where she tarried for a season ere she took the
road once more.

Dressed in white, or pale pink ruffles, loveliest
in her crimson gown,
Now we meet her in the country, or the suburbs
of the town,
Climbing o'er a cottage window or a palace por-
tico,
Giving nosegays bright to lovers as she wanders
to and fro,
Yielding freely of her beauty to the rich and poor
the same,
Following her careless fancy in accordance with
her name,
Glorifying walls and fences, welcome everywhere
she goes;
I, too, long to take the highway like the little
rambler rose.

POETRY (Chicago) tells us that Mr. Bishop is a Kentuckian who lives in France. He is obviously an observer of nature, and human nature too.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE DEW

By JOHN PEALE BISHOP

Maybe she dreamed the colonnade:
But surely, surely, she has seen
Magnolias drenched in moonlit shade.
Maria sees the dew as green.
Burdened Calinda totes the sun
Bundle-headed to her shack;
Her arms are black in unison.
Her shoulders bare. Here dew is black.
But Abner hoeing hillside corn
Swipes his lean hair to clear his sight.
The sun is killed. He could have sworn
Dew on the long corn-leaves was white.
This morning, however, a small
Lascivious rabbit, looking through
A cobweb, frightened and let fall
Millions of rainbows from the dew.

ONE might well wish to travel this road after reading the following in *Kaleidograph* (formerly *Kaleidoscope*, Dallas):

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

By FLORENCE WILSON ROPER

I know a road whose ribboned length,
Smooth surfaced as a floor,
Was once the route of cavaliers
In stately coach and four.

Here gallant beaux in powdered wig,
And belles in ruffled gown,
To many a party, ball and rout,
Rode down to old Jamestown.

How still it is along the road,
How most divinely still—
The sunlit pattern of the leaves,
The shadows on the hill!

My motor purrs in warm content,
A rabbit scurries by,
A drift of crows with lazy wings
Climb up a drowsy sky.

I pass an orchard that has foamed
To clouds of feathery pink;
The air is thrilled with mating call
Of thrush and bob-o-link.

I catch my breath! Across a field
Of wind-blown silvery wheat,
The wraith of Pocahontas glides
On light elusive feet.

Through field and wood and sleepy town,
The road winds on its way,
White drifting clouds against the blue,
Frail butterflies at play.

It winds with many a bend and curve
To cross a singing river,
Where pale green willow fringes trail,
And tall marsh grasses quiver.

If you are worn with city streets,
Or choked with dusty fret,
Ride down the road with Washington,
Match wits with Lafayette!

PATRINS, as most of us know, are the dropt leaves or other objects to mark the trail for those coming behind. This in the New York *American*:

PATRINS

By LALIA MITCHELL THORNTON

I'd like to be a gypsy
When roses bloom red;
With the moon for my blanket,
And grass for my bed.
I'd follow trails at daybreak,
That lead the world through;
But leave at every turning
A patrin for you.

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for JULY 2, 1932

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Information for Subscribers

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Lean Pickin's.—SHE—"I know nothing but good of Alice."

OTHER SHE—"Then let us talk of some one else."—*Boston Transcript*.

Ready for Lunch.—"My word, Dick, you've got the latest thing in typists."

"She is certainly that. She never gets here till eleven."—*Humorist (London)*.

Career Man.—**FIRST PRISONER**—"What are you in for?"

SECOND PRISONER—"Want to be a warden, so I thought I'd start from the bottom."—*San Quentin Bulletin*.

Like Finding Money.—"Thankful! What have I to be thankful for? I can't pay my bills."

"Then, man alive, be thankful you aren't one of the creditors."—*Hudson Star*.

Referred to Mr. Hoover.—Benjamin Franklin wrote: "Only two things in this life are certain—death and taxes." What the taxpayer resents is that they don't come in that order.—*Judge*.

Experts on the Job.—**CUB REPORTER**—"I'd like some advice, sir, on how to run a newspaper."

EDITOR—"You've come to the wrong person, son. Ask one of my subscribers."—*Wampus*.

Don't Forget the Tin Rabbit.—**TEACHER**—"What are the races that have dominated England since the invasion of the Romans?"

SMALL BOY—"The Grand National and the Derby, miss."—*Kentish Observer*.

Send a Cannon.—"Has the depression made a difference in Crimson Gulch?"

"It has mixed up our politics quite considerable," answered Cactus Joe. "The Gulch has some bold men. But we can't find anybody with nerve enough to take the job of collector of taxes."—*Washington Evening Star*.

Keeping His Feet on the Ground.—"At last, my angel," said the happy man, after he had settled with the minister, "we are really and truly one."

"Theoretically, yes," rejoined the modern bride; "but from a practical standpoint it will be advisable to order dinner for two."—*Buen Humor (Madrid)*.

Right Up His Alley.—"Now, I want Albert to have a thoroughly modern and up-to-date education," said his mother, "including Latin."

"Yes, of course," said the headmaster, "tho Latin is, as you know, a dead language."

"Well, all the better. Albert's going to be an undertaker."—*Tit-Bits*.

Cut Off From the World.—**MISTRESS**—"No mail this morning?"

MAID—"No, the postman and the housemaid have quarreled."—*Gente Nostra (Rome)*.

Mazuma Hound.—

Our dollars now go further,
Says one of those wise geeks.
As if I didn't know it,
I've been trailing some for weeks.
—*Boston Transcript*.

Living Up to the Slogan.—"Another bill," sighed her husband, "and we decided we were going to put a bit by for a rainy day."

"Yes, darling, but don't you see the bill is for my new raincoat?"—*Cape Argus*.



"Excuse me—if you see a canary flying about, it's mine. It escaped this morning." —"Everybody's Weekly" (London.)

Final Alibi.—**TOMBSTONE DEALER** (after several futile suggestions)—"How would just a simple 'Gone Home' do for an inscription?"

THE WIDOW—"I guess that will be all right. It was always the last place he ever thought of going."—*Wisecracker*.

Officer Buttinsky.—On the concert program of one of the larger orchestras, not so many weeks ago, was Beethoven's "Leonore" overture, the two climaxes of which are each followed by a trumpet passage offstage.

The first climax came, but not a sound emanated from the trumpet.

The conductor, considerably annoyed, went on to the second.

Again there was silence.

This time, the overture being finished, he rushed into the wings. There he found the trumpet player still arguing with the house fireman.

"I tell you, you can't play that thing back here!" the latter was saying. "There's a concert going on!"—*New York Morning Telegraph*.

Slips That Pass in the Night

Drowning Sailors.—She smiled, but her eyes were wet with tars.—*Tampa Tribune*.

Believe It or Not.—\$140 Violin made by Cremona in 1740 for Ford or Chevrolet.—*Pittsburgh Post Gazette*.

Ahem! Ahem!—The President's direct appeal to the people was coughed in firm tones.—*Oklahoma City News*.

Don't Want Much.—Chauffeur, white, nice quarters, beautiful country home exchanged for services; kind treatment; could use wife.—*New York Times*.

Pass the Strawberries.—Pierce was said to be driving a cream-covered roadster, bearing Arizona license plates.—*Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*.

A Valuable Clue, Watson.—**SUSPECT ADMITS WEARING PANTS ON DAY TWO WERE KILLED**—*Dallas (Tex.) Dispatch*.

As Lewis Carroll Might Have Told It.—The polls tonight will close at 7 o'clock, and voting should start soon after that.—*Manhattan (Kan.) Mercury*.

Squabs and Broilers.—**QUALITY MEATS**
Poultry Drest to Order at Any Time. Special Attention
Paid to Children.
—Ad on the back of a blotter.

Committees Are Often Thus.

—I am sorry that Senator Kelly has taken it upon himself to act as spokesman for the committee on activities which are still in an imbroglio stage.—*Tucson (Ariz.) Daily Star*.

Sob Story.—My Dog, "Peggy Joyce" stole some boy's ham, to take home to feed her puppies; I will be glad to replace same if owner will communicate with me and properly describe ham.—*New Rochelle paper*.

About Time.—The death of Allen occurred last December. He has been held in the county jail since that time. At the commencement of his trial to-day he seemed calm and composed.—*San Rafael (Calif.) News*.

Give the Local Boy a Great Big Hand.—She was ably aided by Bob N— of this city who is as gay a lotharello on the stage as any character yet presented. Mr. N— is an actor of no mean part and adds to this a consumptive skill in the art of "tripping the light fantastic."—*Sioux Falls (S. D.) Journal*.